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THE
BOSTON BOOK.



BOSTON,
George W. Light.

18 H.

THE

1775
BOSTON BOOK.

BEING SPECIMENS OF

METROPOLITAN LITERATURE.

BOSTON:

GEORGE W. LIGHT, 1 CORNHILL.

1841.

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PREFACE.

THE Publisher of the Boston Book, encouraged by the favorable reception of the previous numbers, offers to the public a third collection of specimens of metropolitan literature. In its plan and character, our present number essentially resembles the former ones. It consists of pieces of prose and verse, written by persons who are or have been residents of Boston and its immediate vicinity. Most of the writers are yet among the living, and the productions of all of them belong to the literature of our own age. No particular plan has been followed in the arrangement and succession of the contents. The aim of the compiler has been to give to this volume a character somewhat more popular and less grave, than has marked its predecessors, and, on this principle,

some names, of much literary merit, have been excluded, on account of the exclusively didactic character of their writings. This has somewhat increased the difficulty of the task of selection, as our literature is, generally speaking, marked by that seriousness and sobriety, which are prominent traits in the manners and character of the people of New England.

The remarks on the character of Franklin, on the eighty-sixth page, are from the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's valuable history, which has not yet been published, and the Publisher of the present work takes this opportunity to express his acknowledgments to him for allowing the publication of this extract to be anticipated in the Boston Book.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1840.

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THE BOSTON BOOK.

MORAL DEFECTS OF SCHOLARS.

BY J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

THE moral defects and faults of temper, to which scholars are exposed, are not peculiar to any country. It is everywhere the natural tendency of a life of retirement and contemplation, to generate the notion of innocence and moral security ; but men of letters should remember, that, in the eye of reason and of Christianity, simple unprofitableness is always a crime. They should know, too, that there are solitary diseases of the imagination not less fatal to the mind than the vices of society. He who pollutes his fancy with his books, may, in fact, be more culpable than he who is seduced into the haunts of debauchery by the force of passion or example. He who by his sober studies only feeds his selfishness or his pride of knowledge, may be more to blame than the pedant or the coxcomb in literature, though not so ridiculous.

That learning, whatever it may be, which lives and dies with the possessor, is more worthless than his wealth, which descends to his posterity ; and, where the heart remains uncultivated and the affections sluggish, the mere man of curious erudition may stand, indeed, as an object of popular admiration, but he stands like the occasional palaces of ice in the regions of the north, the work of vanity, lighted up with artificial lustre, yet cold, useless, and uninhabited, and soon to pass away without leaving a trace of their existence. You, then, who feel yourselves sinking under the gentle pressure of sloth, or who seek in learned seclusion that moral security which is the reward only of virtuous resolution, remember, you do not escape from temptations, much less from responsibility, by retiring to the repose and silence of your libraries.

I pass over many of the faults of scholars, and what Bacon calls the “ peccant humors of learning,” such as the love of singularity, contempt for practical wisdom, the weakness of literary vanity, and the disease of pedantry, to warn you against two principal evils, of which one is that alienation of affection, so frequent among men of letters. Their history is, too often, that of factions and intrigues, of envy and recrimination. The *odium theologicum* has, long since, become a proverb ; and, perhaps, there are few writers whose libraries have not, at some time, been a repository of poisoned darts, and implements of literary warfare. In modern times, the licentious-

ness of criticism has aggravated this evil. The shafts of Apollo, the god of criticism, are as numerous, and often as envenomed, as those which the same god, under a different character, launched among the Greeks at the prayer of Chryses, his offended priest. It is fortunate, however, that in the arrows of criticism the smart of the wound is greater than the danger. Authors, jealous of reputation, or conscious of merit, have lost all the influence of their philosophy and all the meekness of their religion under anonymous attack, or in their ardor for repelling it. It is painful to dwell on the animosities of the learned, however just they may sometimes appear; but it is well for us to know that the last lesson, which great minds learn, is to bear a superior, or be just to a rival. Even Newton and Leibnitz (and I can go no higher) were alienated and debased by their mutual jealousy. They separated, they accused, they recriminated; and the cool mathematicians of Europe were heated by their quarrels. When we read the works of these two sublime men, we should as soon have expected a collision in the celestial spheres which they were in the habit of contemplating; and, if they have met in the calm regions of intellectual purity and light, no doubt they are content to leave with posterity their angry dispute about the invention of fluxions, and wonder at the imperfection of terrestrial greatness.

The other dangerous infirmity of scholars, against which we should be always on our guard, is the indiscriminate imitation of the eminent. There are many

who seek to show their relation to men of genius by exhibiting some kindred deformity. If they know any thing of the history of authors, we find them quoting their authority, and seeking shelter behind their defects ; if not, they content themselves with copying the irregularities of some living and contemporary genius. It is so old a fiction, that contempt of rules and orders is a constituent of genius, that one would think it should have lost its authority. We have had deep philosophers, who would not have been suspected of thinking, except for their occasional absences of mind ; and fine spirits, who were thought to resemble Horace, because they could roar a catch, or empty a cask of Falernian. We have had satirists, with nothing of Dryden but his vulgarity, and of Churchill but his malice ; wits, who got drunk, because Addison was not always sober ; liquorish writers, in imitation of Sterne ; and others foul from the pages of Swift. We have had paradoxes and confessions in the style of Rosseau, without any of his genius, and freethinkers innumerable of the school of Voltaire, who could not afford to be, at once, wits and Christians. In a more harmless way, we have had sterile writers, whose veins would flow only at particular seasons ; puny moralists, talking big like Johnson ; orators, with nothing, as one may say, of Tully, but his wart, and of Demosthenes, but his stammer ; in short, we have had enough of “ the contortions of the Sybil, without her inspiration.”

The infirmities of noble minds are often so consecrated by their greatness, that an unconscious imitation of their peculiarities, which are real defects, may sometimes be pardoned in their admirers. But to copy their vices, or to hunt in their works for those very lines which, when dying, they would most wish to blot, is a different offence. I know of nothing in literature so unpardonable as this. He who poaches among the labors of the learned only to find what there is polluted in their language, or licentious in their works,—he who searches the biography of men of genius to find precedents for his follies, or palliations of his own stupid depravity, can be compared to nothing more strongly than to the man who should walk through the gallery of antiques, and every day gaze upon the Apollo, the Venus, or the Laocoön, and yet, *proh pudor!* bring away an imagination impressed with nothing but the remembrance that they were naked.

ART.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WHEN from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An Angel left her place in heaven,
And crossed the wanderer's sunless path.
'T was Art ! bright Art ! new radiance broke,
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground ;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
“ The curse a blessing shall be found.”

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeam never blazed ;—
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,
And nature gladdened as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given,
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced ;
He smites the rock—upheaved, in pride,
See towers of strength and domes of taste.

Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill ;
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that fill his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illumine the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky ;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the Throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace ;
His power, subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

ISABELLA OF SPAIN AND ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IT is in the amiable qualities of her sex that Isabella's superiority becomes most apparent over her illustrious namesake, Elizabeth of England,* whose history presents some features parallel to her own. Both were disciplined in early life by the teachings of that stern nurse of wisdom, adversity. Both were made to experience the deepest humiliation at the hands of their nearest relative, who should have cherished and protected them. Both succeeded in establishing themselves on the throne after the most precarious vicissitudes. Each conducted her kingdom, through a long and triumphant reign, to a height of glory which it had never before reached. Both lived to see the vanity of all earthly grandeur, and to fall the victims of an inconsolable melancholy ; and both left behind an illustrious name, unrivalled in the subsequent annals of the country.

* Isabel, the name of the Catholic queen, is correctly rendered into English by that of Elizabeth.

But with these few circumstances of their history, the resemblance ceases. Their characters afford scarcely a point of contact. Elizabeth, inheriting a large share of the bold and bluff King Harry's temperament, was haughty, arrogant, coarse and irascible ; while with these fiercer qualities she mingled deep dissimulation and strange irresolution. Isabella, on the other hand, tempered the dignity of royal station with the most bland and courteous manners. Once resolved, she was constant in her purposes ; and her conduct in public and private life was characterized by candor and integrity. Both may be said to have shown that magnanimity which is implied by the accomplishment of great objects in the face of great obstacles. But Elizabeth was desperately selfish ; she was incapable of forgiving, not merely a real injury, but the slightest affront to her vanity ; and she was merciless in exacting retribution. Isabella, on the other hand, lived only for others,—was ready at all times to sacrifice self to considerations of public duty ; and, far from personal resentments, showed the greatest condescension and kindness to those who had most sensibly injured her ; while her benevolent heart sought every means to mitigate the authorized severities of the law, even towards the guilty.

Both possessed rare fortitude. Isabella, indeed, was placed in situations which demanded more frequent and higher displays of it than her rival ; but no one will doubt a full measure of this quality in the daughter of Henry the Eighth. Elizabeth was better

educated, and every way more highly accomplished than Isabella. But the latter knew enough to maintain her station with dignity ; and she encouraged learning by a munificent patronage. The masculine powers and passions of Elizabeth seemed to divorce her in a great measure from the peculiar attributes of her sex ; at least from those which constitute its peculiar charm ; for she had abundance of its foibles—a coquetry and love of admiration which age could not chill ; a levity most careless, if not criminal ; and a fondness for dress and tawdry magnificence of ornament, which was ridiculous, or disgusting, according to the different periods of life in which it was indulged. Isabella, on the other hand, distinguished through life for decorum of manners, and purity beyond the breath of calumny, was content with the legitimate affection which she could inspire within the range of her domestic circle. Far from a frivolous affectation of ornament or dress, she was most simple in her own attire, and seemed to set no value on her jewels, but as they could serve the necessities of the state ; when they could be no longer useful in this way, she gave them away to her friends.

Both were uncommonly sagacious in the selection of their ministers ; though Elizabeth was drawn into some errors in this particular, by her levity, as was Isabella by religious feeling. It was this, combined with her excessive humility, which led to the only grave errors in the administration of the latter. Her rival fell into no such errors ; and she was a stranger

to the amiable qualities which led to them. Her conduct was certainly not controlled by religious principle ; and, though the bulwark of the Protestant faith, it might be difficult to say whether she were at heart most a Protestant or a Catholic. She viewed religion in its connexion with the state, in other words, with herself ; and she took measures for enforcing conformity to her own views, not a whit less despotic, and scarcely less sanguinary, than those countenanced for conscience' sake by her more bigoted rival.

This feature of bigotry, which has thrown a shade over Isabella's otherwise beautiful character, might lead to a disparagement of her intellectual power compared with that of the English queen. To estimate this aright, we must contemplate the results of their respective reigns. Elizabeth found all the materials of prosperity at hand, and availed herself of them most ably to build up a solid fabric of national grandeur. Isabella created these materials. She saw the faculties of her people locked up in a deathlike lethargy, and she breathed into them the breath of life for those great and heroic enterprises, which terminated in such glorious consequences to the monarchy. It is when viewed from the depressed position of her early days, that the achievements of her reign seem scarcely less than miraculous. The masculine genius of the English queen stands out relieved beyond its natural dimensions by its separation from the softer qualities of her sex. While her rival's, like some vast, but symmetrical edifice, loses in appearance somewhat

of its actual grandeur from the perfect harmony of its proportions.

The circumstances of their deaths, which were somewhat similar, displayed the great dissimilarity of their characters. Both pined amidst their royal state, a prey to incurable despondency, rather than any marked bodily distemper. In Elizabeth it sprung from wounded vanity, a sullen conviction that she had outlived the admiration on which she had so long fed,—and even the solace of friendship, and the attachment of her subjects. Nor did she seek consolation, where alone it was to be found, in that sad hour. Isabella, on the other hand, sunk under a too acute sensibility to the sufferings of others. But, amidst the gloom which gathered around her, she looked with the eye of faith to the brighter prospects which unfolded of the future; and when she resigned her last breath, it was amidst the tears and universal lamentations of her people.

THE STEAMBOAT.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

SEE how yon flaming herald treads
The ridged and rolling waves,
As crashing o'er their crested heads,
She bows her surly slaves !
With foam before and fire behind,
She rends the clinging sea,
That flies before the roaring wind,
Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,
With heaped and glistening bells,
Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,
With every wave that swells ;
And flaming o'er the midnight deep,
In lurid fringes thrown,
The living gems of ocean sweep
Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel, and lifting keel,
And smoking torch on high,
When winds are loud, and billows reel,
She thunders foaming by !

When seas are silent and serene,
With even beam she glides,
The sunshine glimmering through the green
That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart
She veils her shadowy form,
The beating of her restless heart
Still sounding through the storm ;
Now answers, like a courtly dame,
The reddening surges o'er,
With flying scarf of spangled flame,
The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,
Who trims his narrowed sail ;
To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep
Her broad breast to the gale ;
And many a foresail, scooped and strained,
Shall break from yard and stay,
Before this smoky wreath has stained
The rising mist of day.

Hark ! hark ! I hear yon whistling shroud,
I see yon quivering mast ;
The black throat of the hunted cloud
Is panting forth the blast !
An hour, and whirled like winnowing chaff,
The giant surge shall fling
His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,
White as the sea-bird's wing !

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep ;
Nor wind nor wave shall tire
Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap
With floods of living fire ;
Sleep on—and when the morning light
Streams o'er the shining bay,
O think of those for whom the night
Shall never wake in day !

PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN.

By WILLIAM AUSTIN.

FROM JONATHAN DUNWELL OF NEW YORK, TO MR.
HERMAN KRAUFF.

SIR :—Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence ; and when I arrived there, I learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours, or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had travelled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?"

"No," said I; "why do you ask?"

“You will want one soon,” said he. “Do you observe the ears of all the horses?”

“Yes,” and was just about to ask the reason.

“They see the storm breeder, and we shall see him soon.”

At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after, a small speck appeared in the road.

“There,” said my companion, “comes the storm breeder; he always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself—much more than is known to the world.”

Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses’ ears were up, and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met.

“Who is that man?” said I; “he seems in great trouble.”

“Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was travelling directly from that town, that of late I have

refused any communication with him ; and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look."

"But does he never stop any where?"

"I have never known him to stop any where, longer than to inquire the way to Boston ; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole ; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned.

"Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence the man came ; that is the place to look. The storm never meets him, it follows him."

We presently approached another hill ; and when at the height the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat—"There," said he, "is the seed storm ; we may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder and lightning."

And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers ; for after it had spread itself to a great bulk, it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark and consolidated. And now the suc-

cessive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular net work, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud : he said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him distinctly the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing. The man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the mean time the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand ; and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike towards Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them ; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston ; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest ; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder clap broke directly over the man's head, and seemed to envelope both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed ; and as well as I could judge, he travelled just as fast as the thunder cloud."

While this man was speaking, a pedlar with a cart of tin merchandize came up, all dripping ; and on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different states ; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston, and that a thunder shower, like the present, had each time deluged his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, &c., afloat, so that he had determined to get marine insurance done for the future. But that which excited his surprise most, was the strange conduct of his horse, for that long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road, and flung back his ears. “In short,” said the pedlar, “I wish never to see that man and horse again ; they do not look to me as though they belonged to this world.”

This was all I could learn at that time ; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me, “like one of those things which had never happened,” had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett’s hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, “There goes Peter Rugg and his child ! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever.” I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before ; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg, can never after be deceived as to his identity.

“Peter Rugg !” said I, “and who is Peter Rugg ?”

“That,” said the stranger, “is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveller, held in light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to

eat, drink or sleep. I wonder why the government do not employ him to carry the mail."

"Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take in that case to send a letter to Boston, for Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years travelling to that place."

"But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere; does he never converse with any one? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man."

"Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man, say the least. I have heard it asserted that heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or a trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors, I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge."

"You speak like a humane man," said I, "and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?"

"Why, yes. He looks as though he never ate, drank or slept; and his child looks older than himself, and he looks like time broke off from eternity, and anxious to gain a resting place."

"And how does his horse look?" said I.

"As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage, than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he in-

quired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles."

"Why," said he, "how can you deceive me so? it is cruel to mislead a traveller. I have lost my way; pray direct me the nearest way to Boston."

I repeated, it was one hundred miles.

"How can you say so?" said he; "I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have travelled all night."

"But," said I, "you are now travelling from Boston. You must turn back."

"Alas," said he, "it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts too, they all point the wrong way."

"But will you not stop and rest," said I; "you seem wet and weary."

"Yes," said he, "it has been foul weather since I left home."

"Stop, then, and refresh yourself."

"I must not stop; I must reach home to-night, if possible: though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston."

He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterwards I met the man a little this side of Claremont, winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twelve miles an hour.

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?"

"I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him—for see, he has turned his horse, and is passing this way."

In a moment, a dark colored, high spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly I stepped into the street, and as the horse approached, I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before."

"My name is Peter Rugg," said he. "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary, and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston."

"You live in Boston, do you, and in what street?"

"In Middle street."

"When did you leave Boston?"

"I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time."

"But how did you and your child become so wet? It has not rained here to-day."

"It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road, or the turnpike?"

"Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven."

"How can you say so? you impose on me; it is

wrong to trifle with a traveller ; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston."

"But this is not Newburyport ; this is Hartford."

"Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following, the Merrimack ?"

"No, sir ; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut."

He wrung his hands and looked incredulous.

"Have the rivers, too, changed their courses, as the cities have changed places ? But see ! the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah, that fatal oath !"

He would tarry no longer ; his impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings, he seemed to devour all before him, and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clue to the history of Peter Rugg, and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this :

The last summer, a person, just at twilight, stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft, on coming to the door, perceived a stranger, with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died in a good old age, more than twenty years before that time.

The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door."

"Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here these nineteen years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft."

The stranger paused, and looked up and down the street, and said—"Though the painting is rather faded, this looks like my house."

"Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk."

"But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, every thing here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the people are all changed, the town seems changed, and what is strangest of all, Catherine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," continued the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg."

"Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?"

"Just above here, in Orange Tree lane."

"There is no such place in this neighborhood."

"What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange Tree lane is at the head of Hanover street, near Pemberton's Hill."

"There is no such lane now."

"Madam! you cannot be serious. But you

doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He lives in Royal Exchange lane, near King street."

"I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King street in this town."

"No such street as King street! Why, woman! you mock me. You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary, I must find a resting place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market."

"Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets."

"You know there is but one market near the Town dock."

"Oh, the old market; but no such person has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and uttered to himself quite audibly—"Strange mistake, how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle street."

"Then," said he, "madam, can you direct me to Boston?"

"Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston; I know of no other Boston."

"City of Boston it may be; but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a bridge instead of a ferry. Pray, what bridge is that I just came over?"

"It is Charles River bridge."

“I perceive my mistake ; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown ; there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I were in Boston my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows, by his impatience, that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston ! it is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy it must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it.”

At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his fore feet. The stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, “no home to-night ;” and giving the reins to his horse, passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged, had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft ; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request, she sent for him ; and, after I had related to him the object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth ; that his disappearance had caused some surprise ; but as it sometimes happens that men run away, sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves ; and Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair ; and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the

occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion ; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten.

“ It is true,” said Mr. Felt, “ sundry stories grew out of Rugg’s affair, whether true or false I cannot tell ; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice.”

“ Sir,” said I, “ Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair ; therefore, I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him.”

“ Why, my friend,” said James Felt, “ that Peter Rugg is now a living man, I will not deny ; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child, is impossible, if you mean a small child ; for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living, must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg is living, is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself ; and I was only eighty last March ; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man.”

Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him, on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

If Peter Rugg, thought I, has been travelling since the Boston massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present

generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world.

In the course of the evening, I related my adventure in Middle street.

“Ha!” said one of the company, smiling, “do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him, as though he seriously believed his own story.”

“Sir,” said I, “pray let us compare your grandfather’s story of Mr. Rugg with my own.”

“Peter Rugg, sir, if my grandfather was worthy of credit, once lived in Middle street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances; had a wife and one daughter, and was generally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily, his temper, at times, was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a pannel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somerset, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days, every body, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language. Others accounted

for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp ; as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man ; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

“ It was late in autumn, one morning, that Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return, a violent storm overtook him. At dark, he stopped in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg’s declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. ‘ Why, Mr. Rugg,’ said Cutter, ‘ the storm is overwhelming you ; the night is exceeding dark ; your little daughter will perish ; you are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.’ ‘ *Let the storm increase,*’ said Rugg, with a fearful oath, ‘ *I will see home to-night, in spite of the last tempest ! or may I never see home.*’ At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse, and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next ; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter’s, in Menotomy.

“ For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night, the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse,

and the rattling of a carriage, passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly, that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair, and child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turned towards his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain.

“The next day, the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him; though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the streets. And this is credible, if indeed Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night. For at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team, in passing, will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterwards watched; some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others, of a different opinion, shook their heads and said nothing.

“Thus Rugg, and his child, horse and chair, were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

“ There was indeed a rumor, that Rugg afterwards was seen in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country with headlong speed. This gave occasion to Rugg’s friends to make further inquiry. But the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut—the next, they heard of him winding round the hills in New Hampshire ; and soon after, a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island, inquiring the way to Boston.

“ But that which chiefly gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg, was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently, that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand. As the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing, except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer, on the next day, asserted that the stool went directly through the body of the

horse ; and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell—and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus, Peter Rugg and his child, horse and carriage, remain a mystery to this day.”

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg, in Boston.

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF PETER RUGG, BY JONATHAN
DUNWELL.

In the autumn of 1825, I attended the races at Richmond in Virginia. As two new horses of great promise were run, the race ground was never better attended, nor was expectation ever more deeply excited. The partisans of Dart and Lightning, the two race horses, were equally anxious, and equally dubious of the result. To an indifferent spectator, it was impossible to perceive any difference. They were equally beautiful to behold, alike in color and height, and as they stood side by side, they measured from heel to fore feet within half an inch of each other. The eyes of each were full, prominent and resolute ; and when at times they regarded each other, they assumed a lofty demeanor, seemed to shorten their necks, project their eyes, and rest their bodies equally on their four hoofs. They certainly discovered signs

of intelligence, and displayed a courtesy to each other, unusual even with statesmen.

It was now nearly 12 o'clock, the hour of expectation, doubt and anxiety. The riders mounted their horses ; and so trim, light and airy they sat on the animals, they seemed a part of them. The spectators, many deep, in a solid column, had taken their places ; and as many thousand breathing statues were there as spectators. All eyes were turned to Dart and Lightning, and their two fairy riders. There was nothing to disturb this calm, except a busy woodpecker on a neighboring tree. The signal was given, and Dart and Lightning answered the signal with ready intelligence. At first they proceed on a slow trot, then they quicken to a canter, and then a gallop. Presently they sweep the plain ; both horses lay themselves flat on the ground, their riders bending forward, and resting their chins between their horses' ears. Had not the ground been perfectly level, had there been any undulation, the least rise and fall, the spectator, every moment, for a moment, would have lost sight of both horses and riders.

While these horses, side by side, thus appeared, flying without wings, flat as a hare, and neither gained on the other, all eyes were diverted to a new spectacle. Directly in the rear of Dart and Lightning, a majestic black horse, of unusual size, drawing an old weather-beaten chair, strode over the plain ; and, although he appeared to make no effort, for he maintained a steady trot, before Dart and Lightning ap-

proached the goal, the black horse and chair had overtaken the racers, who, on perceiving this new competitor pass them, threw back their ears, and suddenly stopped in their course. Thus neither Dart nor Lightning carried away the purse.

The spectators now were exceedingly curious to learn whence came the black horse and chair. With many it was the opinion that nobody was in the vehicle. Indeed, this began to be the prevalent opinion, for those at a short distance, so fleet was the black horse, could not easily discern who, if any body, was in the carriage. But both the riders, whom the black horse passed very nearly, agreed in this particular, that a sad looking man, with a little girl, was in the chair. When they stated this, I was satisfied it was Peter Rugg. But what caused no little surprise, John Spring, one of the riders, he who rode Lightning, asserted that no earthly horse, without breaking his trot, could, in a carriage, outstrip his race horse : and he persisted with some passion, that it was not a horse, he was sure it was not a horse, but a large black ox. "What a great black ox can do," said John, "I cannot pretend to say ; but no race horse, not even Flying Childers, could out-trot Lightning in a fair race."

This opinion of John Spring excited no little merriment, for it was clearly obvious to every one, that it was a powerful black horse that interrupted the race ; but John Spring, jealous of Lightning's reputation as a horse, would rather have it thought that any other

beast, even an ox, had been the victor. However, the horse-laugh, at John Spring's expense was soon suppressed ; for as soon as Dart and Lightning began to breathe more freely, it was observed that both of them walked deliberately to the tract of the race ground, and putting their heads to the earth, they suddenly raised them again, and began to snort. They repeated this, till John Spring said, " These horses have discovered something strange ; they suspect foul play ; let me go and talk with Lightning."

And he went up to Lightning and took hold of his mane ; and Lightning put his nose toward the ground, and smelt of the earth without touching it, and then reared his head very high, and snorted so loudly, that the sound echoed from the next hill. Dart did the same. John Spring stooped down to examine the spot where Lightning smelt. In a moment he raised himself up, and the countenance of the man was changed ; his strength failed him, and he sidled against Lightning.

At length John Spring recovered from his stupor, and exclaimed, " It was an ox ! I told you it was an ox ; no real horse ever yet beat Lightning."

And now, on a close inspection of the black horse's tracks in the path, it was evident to every one, that the fore feet of the black horse were cloven. Notwithstanding these appearances, to me it was evident that the strange horse was in reality a horse. Yet when the people left the race ground, I presume one half of all those present, would have testified that a

large black ox had distanced two of the fleetest coursers that ever trod the Virginia turf. So uncertain are all things called historical facts.

While I was proceeding to my lodgings, pondering on the events of the day, a stranger rode up to me, and accosted me thus—"I think your name is Dunwell, sir?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Did I not see you a year or two since in Boston, at the Marlborough Hotel?"

"Very likely, sir, for I was there."

"And you heard a story about one Peter Rugg?"

"I recollect it all," said I.

"The account you heard in Boston must be true, for here he was to-day. The man has found his way to Virginia, and for aught that appears, has been to Cape Horn. I have seen him before to-day, but never saw him travel with such fearful velocity. Pray, sir, where does Peter Rugg spend his winters? for I have seen him only in summer, and always in foul weather, except at this time."

I replied, "No one knows where Peter Rugg spends his winters; where or when he eats, drinks, sleeps or lodges. He seems to have an indistinct idea of day and night, time and space, storm and sunshine. His only object is Boston. It appears to me that Rugg's horse has some control of the chair; and that Rugg himself is, in some sort, under the control of his horse."

I then inquired of the stranger, where he first saw the man and horse.

“Why, sir,” said he, “in the summer of 1824, I travelled to the North for my health ; and soon after I saw you at the Marlborough Hotel, I returned homeward to Virginia, and, if my memory is correct, I saw this man and horse in every state between here and Massachusetts. Sometimes he would meet me, but oftener overtake me. He never spoke but once, and that once was in Delaware. On his approach, he checked his horse with some difficulty. A more beautiful horse I never saw ; his hide was as fair, and rotund, and glossy as the skin of a Congo beauty. When Rugg’s horse approached mine, he reined in his neck, bent his ears forward until they met, and looked my horse full in the face. My horse immediately withered into half a horse ; his hide curled up like a piece of burnt leather ; spell-bound, he was fixed to the earth as though a nail had been driven through each hoof.

“‘Sir,’ said Rugg, ‘perhaps you are travelling to Boston ; and if so, I should be happy to accompany you, for I have lost my way, and I must reach home to-night. See how sleepy this little girl looks ; poor thing, she is a picture of patience.’

“‘Sir,’ said I, ‘it is impossible for you to reach home to-night, for you are in Concord, in the county of Sussex, in the state of Delaware.’

“‘What do you mean,’ said he, ‘by state of Delaware ? If I was in Concord, that is only twenty miles from Boston, and my horse Lightfoot could carry me to Charlestown ferry in less than two

hours. You mistake, sir ; you are a stranger here ; this town is nothing like Concord. I am well acquainted with Concord. I went to Concord when I left Boston.'

" ' But,' said I, ' you are in Concord, in the state of Delaware.'

" ' What do you mean by state,' said Rugg.

" ' Why, one of the United States.'

" ' States !' said he, in a low voice ; ' the man is a wag, and would persuade me I am in Holland.' Then raising his voice, he said, ' You seem, sir, to be a gentleman, and I entreat you to mislead me not ; tell me, quickly, for pity's sake, the right road to Boston, for you see my horse will swallow his bits ; for he has eaten nothing since I left Concord.'

" ' Sir,' said I, ' this town is Concord, Concord in Delaware, not Concord in Massachusetts ; and you are now five hundred miles from Boston.'

" Rugg looked at me for a moment, more in sorrow than resentment, and then repeated, ' five hundred miles ! unhappy man, who would have thought he had been deranged ; but nothing is so deceitful as appearances, in this world. Five hundred miles ! this beats Connecticut river.'

" What he meant by Connecticut river, I know not ; his horse broke away, and Rugg disappeared in a moment."

I explained to the stranger the meaning of Rugg's expression, " Connecticut river," and the incident respecting him, that occurred at Hartford, as I stood

on the door stone of Mr. Bennett's excellent hotel. We both agreed that the man we had seen that day was the true Peter Rugg.

Soon after, I saw Rugg again, at the toll-gate on the turnpike between Alexandria and Middleburgh. While I was paying the toll, I observed to the toll-gatherer, that the drought was more severe in his vicinity than farther south.

"Yes," said he, "the drought is excessive; but if I had not heard yesterday, by a traveller, that the man with the black horse was seen in Kentucky a day or two since, I should be sure of a shower in a few minutes."

"I looked all around the horizon, and could not discern a cloud that could hold a pint of water.

"Look, sir," said the toll-gatherer, "you perceive to the eastward, just rising that hill, a small black cloud not bigger than a blackberry, and while I am speaking it is doubling and trebling itself, and rolling up the turnpike steadily, as if its sole design was to deluge some object."

"True," said I, "I do perceive it; but what connexion is there between a thunder cloud and a man and horse?"

"More than you imagine, or I can tell you;—but stop a moment, sir, I may need your assistance. I know that cloud; I have seen it several times before, and can testify to its identity. You will soon see a man and black horse under it."

While he was speaking, true enough, we began to

hear the distant thunder, and soon the chain lightning performed all the figures of a country dance. About a mile distant, we saw the man and black horse under the cloud ; but before he arrived at the toll-gate, the thunder cloud had spent itself, and not even a sprinkle fell near us.

As the man, whom I instantly knew to be Rugg, attempted to pass, the toll-gatherer swung the gate across the road, seized Rugg's horse by the reins, and demanded two dollars.

Feeling some little regard for Rugg, I interfered, and began to question the toll-gatherer, and requested him not to be wroth with the man.

The toll-gatherer replied he had just cause, for the man had run his toll ten times, and moreover that the horse had discharged a cannon ball at him, to the great danger of his life ; that the man had always before approached so rapidly that he was too quick for the rusty hinges of the toll-gate ; but that now he would have full satisfaction.

Rugg looked wistfully at me, and said, " I entreat you, sir, to delay me not : I have found at length the direct road to Boston, and shall not reach home before night if you detain me : you see I am dripping wet, and ought to change my clothes."

The toll-gatherer then demanded why he had run his toll so many times ?

" Toll ! why," said Rugg, " do you demand toll ? There is no toll to pay on the king's highway."

" King's highway ! do you not perceive this is a turnpike ?"

“Turnpike! there are no turnpikes in Massachusetts.”

“That may be, but we have several in Virginia.”

“Virginia! do you pretend I am in Virginia?”

Rugg then appealing to me, asked how far it was to Boston?

Said I, “Mr. Rugg, I perceive you are bewildered, and am sorry to see you so far from home; you are, indeed, in Virginia.”

“You know me, then, sir, it seems; and you say I am in Virginia. Give me leave to tell you, sir, you are the most impudent man alive; for I was never forty miles from Boston, and I never saw a Virginian in my life. This beats Delaware!”

“Your toll, sir, your toll!”

“I will not pay you a penny,” said Rugg; “you are both of you highway robbers; there are no turnpikes in this country. Take toll on the king’s highway! Robbers take toll on the king’s highway.” Then in a low tone, he said, “here is evidently a conspiracy against me; alas, I shall never see Boston! The highways refuse me a passage, the rivers change their courses, and there is no faith in the compass.”

But Rugg’s horse had no idea of stopping more than one minute, for in the midst of this altercation, the horse, whose nose was resting on the upper bar of the turnpike gate, seized it between his teeth, lifted it gently off its staples, and trotted off with it. The toll-gatherer, confounded, strained his eyes after his gate.

“ Let him go,” said I, “ the horse will soon drop your gate, and you will get it again.”

I then questioned the toll-gatherer respecting his knowledge of this man ; and he related the following particulars :

“ The first time,” said he, “ that man ever passed this toll-gate was in the year 1806, at the moment of the great eclipse. I thought the horse was frightened at the sudden darkness, and concluded he had run away with the man. But within a few days after, the same man and horse repassed with equal speed, without the least respect to the toll-gate or to me, except by a vacant stare. Some few years afterward, during the late war, I saw the same man approaching again, and I resolved to check his career. Accordingly I stepped into the middle of the road, and stretched wide both my arms, and cried, stop, sir, on your peril ! At this, the man said, ‘ Now Light-foot, confound the robber ! ’ at the same time, he gave the whip liberally to the flank of his horse, who bounded off with such force, that it appeared to me, two such horses, give them a place to stand, would check the diurnal motion of the earth. An ammunition wagon which had just passed on to Baltimore, had dropped an eighteen pounder in the road ; this unlucky ball lay in the way of the horse’s heels, and the beast, with the sagacity of a demon, clenched it with one of his heels, and hurled it behind him. I feel dizzy in relating the fact, but so nearly did the ball pass my head, that the wind thereof blew off my

hat, and the ball bedded itself in that gate post, as you may see, if you will cast your eye to the post. I have permitted it to remain there in memory of the occurrence, as the people of Boston, I am told, preserve the eighteen pounder, which is now to be seen half bedded in Brattle street church."

I then took leave of the toll-gatherer, and promised him, if I saw or heard of his gate, I would send him notice.

A strong inclination had possessed me to arrest Rugg, and search his pockets, thinking great discoveries might be made in the examination ; but what I saw and heard that day convinced me that no human force could detain Peter Rugg against his consent. I therefore determined if I ever saw Rugg again to treat him in the gentlest manner.

In pursuing my way to New York, I entered on the turnpike in Trenton ; and when I arrived at New Brunswick, I perceived the road was newly McAdamized. The small stones had just been laid thereon. As I passed this piece of road, I observed at regular distances of about eight feet, the stones entirely displaced from spots as large as the circumference of a half bushel measure. This singular appearance induced me to inquire the cause of it at the turnpike gate.

"Sir," said the toll-gatherer, "I wonder not at the question, but I am unable to give you a satisfactory answer. Indeed, sir, I believe I am bewitched, and that the turnpike is under a spell of enchantment ; for what appeared to me last night cannot be a real

transaction ; otherwise a turnpike gate is a useless thing."

"I do not believe in witchcraft or enchantment," said I, "and if you will relate circumstantially what happened last night, I will endeavor to account for it by natural means."

"You may recollect the night was uncommonly dark. Well, sir, just after I had closed the gate for the night, down the turnpike, as far as my eye could reach, I beheld, what at first appeared to me, two armies engaged. The report of the musketry, and the flashes of their firelocks were incessant and continuous. As this strange spectacle approached me with the fury of a tornado, the noise increased, and the appearance rolled on in one compact body over the surface of the ground. The most splendid fireworks rose out of the earth, and encircled this moving spectacle. The divers tints of the rainbow, the most brilliant dyes that the sun lays on the lap of spring, added to the whole family of gems, could not display a more beautiful, radiant and dazzling spectacle than accompanied the black horse. You would have thought all the stars of heaven had met in mer-riment on the turnpike. In the midst of this luminous configuration sat a man, distinctly to be seen, in a miserable looking chair, drawn by a black horse. The turnpike gate ought, by the laws of nature, and the laws of the state, to have made a wreck of the whole, and have dissolved the enchantment ; but no, the horse without an effort passed over the gate, and

drew the man and chair horizontally after him without touching the bar. This was what I call enchantment—what think you, sir?”

“My friend,” said I, “you have grossly magnified a natural occurrence. The man was Peter Rugg, on his way to Boston. It is true, his horse travelled with unequalled speed, but as he reared high his fore feet, he could not help displacing the thousand small stones on which he trod, which flying in all directions struck each other, and resounded and scintillated. The top bar of your gate is not more than two feet from the ground, and Rugg’s horse at every vault could easily lift the carriage over that gate.”

This satisfied Mr. McDoubt; and I was pleased at that occurrence, for otherwise Mr. McDoubt, who is a worthy man, late from the Highlands, might have added to his calendar of superstitions. Having thus disenchanted the McAdamized road and the turnpike gate, and also Mr. McDoubt, I pursued my journey homeward to New York.

Little did I expect to see or hear any thing further of Mr. Rugg, for he was now more than twelve hours in advance of me. I could hear nothing of him on my way to Elizabethtown. I therefore concluded that during the past night he had turned off from the turnpike and pursued a westerly direction. But just before I arrived at Powles’s Hook, I observed a considerable collection of passengers in the ferry boat, all standing motionless, and steadily looking at the same object. One of the ferrymen, Mr. Hardy, who well

knew me, observing my approach, delayed a minute, in order to afford me a passage, and coming up, said, "Mr. Dunwell, we have got a curiosity on board, that would puzzle Dr. Mitchell."

"Some strange fish, I suppose, has found its way into the Hudson."

"No," said he, "it is a man, who looks as if he had lain hid in the ark, and had just now ventured out. He has a little girl with him, the counterpart of himself; and the finest horse you ever saw, harnessed to the queerest looking carriage that ever was made."

"Ah, Mr. Hardy," said I, "you have, indeed, hooked a prize; no one before you could ever detain Peter Rugg long enough to examine him."

"Do you know the man?" said Mr. Hardy.

"No, nobody knows him, but every body has seen him. Detain him as long as possible; delay the boat under any pretence; cut the gear of the horse; do any thing to detain him."

As I entered the ferry-boat, I was struck at the spectacle before me; there, indeed, sat Peter Rugg and Jenny Rugg in the chair, and there stood the black horse, all as quiet as lambs, surrounded by more than fifty men and women, who seemed to have lost all their senses but one. Not a motion, not a breath, not a nestle. They were all eye. Rugg appeared to them to be a man not of this world; and they appeared to Rugg a strange generation of men. Rugg spoke not, and they spoke not; nor was I disposed to disturb the calm; satisfied, to reconnoitre

Rugg in a state of rest. Presently, Rugg observed in a low voice, addressed to nobody, "A new contrivance, horses instead of oars; Boston folks are full of notions."

It was plain that Rugg was of Dutch extract—he had on three pair of small clothes, called in former days of simplicity, breeches, not much the worse for wear; but time had proved the fabric, and shrunk each of them more than the other, so that they discovered at the knees, their different qualities and colors. His several waistcoats, the flaps of all which rested on his knees, gave him an appearance rather corpulent. His capacious drab coat would supply the stuff for half a dozen modern ones. The sleeves were like meal bags—in the cuffs of which you might nurse a child to sleep. His hat, probably once black, now of a tan color, was neither round nor crooked, but much in shape like the one President Monroe wore on his late tour. This dress gave the rotund face of Rugg an antiquated dignity. The man, though deeply sunburnt, did not appear to be more than thirty years of age. He had lost his sad and anxious look, was quite composed, and seemed happy. The chair in which Rugg sat, was very capacious, evidently made for service, and calculated to last for ages. The timber would supply material for three modern carriages. This chair, like a Nantucket coach, would answer for every thing that ever went on wheels. The horse, too, was an object of curiosity—his majestic height, his natural mane and tail

gave him a commanding appearance—and his large open nostrils indicated inexhaustible wind. It was apparent that the hoofs of his fore feet had been split, probably on some newly McAdamized road, and were now growing together again ; so that John Spring was not altogether in the wrong.

How long this dumb scene would otherwise have continued, I cannot tell. Rugg discovered no sign of impatience. But Rugg's horse having been quiet more than five minutes, had no idea of standing idle ; he began to whinny, and in a moment after, with his right fore foot he started a plank. Said Rugg, "My horse is impatient, he sees the North End. You must be quick, or he will be ungovernable."

At these words, the horse raised his left fore foot ; and when he laid it down, every inch of the ferry-boat trembled. Two men immediately seized Rugg's horse by the nostrils. The horse nodded, and both of them were in the Hudson. While we were fishing up the men, the horse was perfectly quiet.

"Fret not the horse," said Rugg, "and he will do no harm. He is only anxious, like myself, to arrive at yonder beautiful shore. He sees the North Church, and smells his own stable."

"Sir," said I to Rugg, practising a little deception, "pray tell me, for I am a stranger here, what river is this, and what city is that opposite ? for you seem to be an inhabitant of it."

"This river, sir, is called Mystic river, and this is Winnisimmet ferry ; we have retained the Indian

names ; and that town is Boston. You must, indeed, be a stranger in these parts, not to know that yonder is Boston, the capital of the New England provinces.”

“ Pray, sir, how long have you been absent from Boston ? ”

“ Why, that I cannot exactly tell. I lately went with this little girl of mine to Concord, to see my friends ; and I am ashamed to tell you, in returning, lost the way, and have been travelling ever since. No one would direct me right. It is cruel to mislead a traveller. My horse, Lightfoot, has boxed the compass, and it seems to me he has boxed it back again. But, sir, you perceive my horse is uneasy ; Lightfoot, as yet, has only given a hint and a nod. I cannot be answerable for his heels.”

At these words Lightfoot reared his long tail, and snapped it as you would a whip lash. The Hudson reverberated with the sound. Instantly the six horses began to move the boat. The Hudson was a sea of glass, smooth as oil, not a ripple. The horses, from a smart trot, soon pressed into a gallop ; water now run over the gunwale ; the ferry-boat was soon buried in an ocean of foam, and the noise of the spray was like the roaring of many waters. When we arrived at New York, you might see the beautiful white wake of the ferry-boat across the Hudson.

Though Rugg refused to pay toll at turnpikes, when Mr. Hardy reached his hand for the ferriage, Rugg readily put his hand into one of his many pockets, and took out a piece of silver, and handed it to Hardy.

“What is this?” said Mr. Hardy.

“It is thirty shillings,” said Rugg.

“It might have once been thirty shillings, old tenor,” said Mr. Hardy, “but it is not at present.”

“The money is good English coin,” said Rugg; “my grandfather brought a bag of them from England, and had them hot from the mint.”

Hearing this, I approached near to Rugg, and asked permission to see the coin. It was a half crown, coined by the English Parliament, dated in the year 1649. On one side, *The Commonwealth of England*,” and St. George’s cross encircled with a wreath of laurel. On the other, “*God with us*,” and a harp and St. George’s cross united. I winked to Mr. Hardy, and pronounced it good current money; and said loudly, I would not permit the gentleman to be imposed on, for I would exchange the money myself. On this, Rugg spoke—“Please to give me your name, sir.”

“My name is Dunwell, sir,” I replied.

“Mr. Dunwell,” said Rugg, “you are the only honest man I have seen since I left Boston. As you are a stranger here, my house is your home; dame Rugg will be happy to see her husband’s friend. Step into my chair, sir, there is room enough; move a little, Jenny, for the gentleman, and we will be in Middle street in a minute.”

Accordingly I took a seat by Peter Rugg.

“Were you never in Boston before?” said Rugg.

“No,” said I.

“Well, you will now see the queen of New Eng-

land, a town second only to Philadelphia, in all North America."

"You forget New York," said I.

"Poh, New York is nothing; though I never was there. I am told you might put all New York in our Mill pond. No, sir, New York, I assure you, is but a sorry affair, no more to be compared to Boston than a wigwam to a palace."

As Rugg's horse turned into Pearl street, I looked Rugg as fully in the face as good manners would allow, and said, "Sir, if this is Boston, I acknowledge New York is not worthy to be one of its suburbs."

Before we had proceeded far in Pearl street, Rugg's countenance changed; he began to twitter under his ears; his eyes trembled in their sockets; he was evidently bewildered. "What is the matter, Mr. Rugg; you seem disturbed."

"This surpasses all human comprehension; if you know, sir, where we are, I beseech you to tell me."

"If this place," I replied, "is not Boston, it must be New York."

"No, sir, it is not Boston; nor can it be New York. How could I be in New York, which is nearly two hundred miles from Boston?"

By this time we had passed into Broadway, and then Rugg, in truth, discovered a chaotic mind. "There is no such place as this in North America; this is all the effect of enchantment; this is a grand delusion, nothing real; here is seemingly a great city,

magnificent houses, shops and goods, men and women innumerable, and as busy as in real life, all sprang up in one night from the wilderness. Or what is more probable, some tremendous convulsion of nature has thrown London or Amsterdam on the shores of New England. Or, possibly, I may be dreaming, though the night seems rather long; but before now I have sailed in one night to Amsterdam, bought goods of Vandogger, and returned to Boston before morning."

At this moment, a hue and cry was heard, "Stop the madmen, they will endanger the lives of thousands!" In vain hundreds attempted to stop Rugg's horse. Lightfoot interfered with nothing; his course was straight as a shooting star. But on my part, fearful that before night I should find myself behind the Alleghanies, I addressed Mr. Rugg in a tone of entreaty, and requested him to restrain the horse and permit me to alight.

"My friend," said he, "we shall be in Boston before dark, and dame Rugg will be most exceeding glad to see us."

"Mr. Rugg," said I, "you must excuse me, pray look to the west, see that thunder cloud swelling with rage, as if in pursuit of us."

"Ah," said Rugg, "it is in vain to attempt to escape; I know that cloud, it is collecting new wrath to spend on my head." Then checking his horse, he permitted me to descend, saying, "Farewell, Mr. Dunwell, I shall be happy to see you in Boston; I live in Middle street."

It is uncertain in what direction Mr. Rugg pursued his course, after he disappeared in Broadway : but one thing is sufficiently known to every body, that in the course of two months after he was seen in New York, he found his way most opportunely to Boston.

It seems the estate of Peter Rugg had recently escheated to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for want of heirs ; and the legislature had ordered the Solicitor General to advertise and sell it at public auction. Happening to be in Boston at the time, and observing his advertisement, which described a considerable extent of land, I felt a kindly curiosity to see the spot where Rugg once lived. Taking the advertisement in my hand, I wandered a little way down Middle street, and, without asking a question of any one, when I came to a certain spot, I said to myself, “ This is Rugg’s estate—I will proceed no further—this must be the spot ; it is a counterpart of Peter Rugg.” The premises, indeed, looked as if they had accomplished a sad prophesy. Fronting on Middle street, they extended in the rear to Ann street, and embraced about half an acre of land. It was not uncommon in former times to have half an acre for a house lot ; for an acre of land then, in many parts of Boston, was not more valuable than a foot in some places at present. The old mansion house had become a powder-post, and been blown away. One other building, uninhabited, stood ominous, courting dilapidation. The street had been so much raised, that the bed chamber had descended to

the kitchen, and was level with the street. The house seemed conscious of its fate, and, as though tired of standing there, the front was fast retreating from the rear, and waiting the next south wind to project itself into the street. If the most wary animals had sought a place of refuge, here they would have rendezvoused. Here, under the ridge-pole, the crow would have perched in security ; and in the recesses below, you might have caught the fox and the weasel asleep. The hand of destiny, said I, has pressed heavy on this spot ; still heavier on the former owners. Strange that so large a lot of land as this should want an heir ! Yet Peter Rugg, at this day, might pass by his own door stone, and ask, " who once lived there ? "

The auctioneer, appointed by the Solicitor to sell this estate, was a man of eloquence, as many of the auctioneers of Boston are. The occasion seemed to warrant, and his duty urged him to make a display. He addressed his audience as follows :

" The estate, gentlemen, which we offer you this day, was once the property of a family now extinct. It has escheated to the Commonwealth for want of heirs. Lest any one of you should be deterred from bidding on so large an estate as this, for fear of a disputed title, I am authorized, by the Solicitor General, to proclaim that the purchaser shall have the best of all titles, a warranty deed from the Commonwealth. I state this, gentlemen, because I know there is an idle rumor in this vicinity, that one Peter Rugg, the original owner of this estate, is still living. This

rumor, gentlemen, has no foundation, and can have no foundation in the nature of things. It originated about two years since, from the incredible story of one Jonathan Dunwell, of New York. Mrs. Croft, indeed, whose husband I see present, and whose mouth waters for this estate, has countenanced this fiction. But, gentlemen, was it ever known that any estate, especially an estate of this value, lay unclaimed for nearly half a century, if any heir, ever so remote, was existing? For, gentlemen, all agree, that old Peter Rugg, if living, would be at least one hundred years of age. It is said that he and his daughter, with a horse and chaise, were missed more than half a century ago; and because they never returned home, forsooth, they must be now living, and will, some day, come and claim this great estate. Such logic, gentlemen, never led to a good investment. Let not this idle story cross the noble purpose of consigning these ruins to the genius of architecture. If such a contingency could check the spirit of enterprise, farewell to all mercantile excitement. Your surplus money, instead of refreshing your sleep with the golden dreams of new sources of speculation, would turn to the nightmare. A man's money, if not employed, serves only to disturb his rest. Look, then, to the prospect before you. Here is half an acre of land, more than twenty thousand square feet, a corner lot, with wonderful capabilities; none of your contracted lots of forty feet by fifty, where, in dog days, you can breathe only through your scuttles.

On the contrary, an architect cannot contemplate this extensive lot without rapture, for here is room enough for his genius to shame the temple of Solomon. Then, the prospect, how commanding ! To the east, so near to the Atlantic, that Neptune, freighted with the select treasures of the whole earth, can knock at your door with his trident. From the west, all the produce of the river of paradise, the Connecticut, will soon, by the blessings of steam, rail ways and canals, pass under your windows ; and thus, on this spot, Neptune shall marry Ceres, and Pomona from Roxbury, and Flora from Cambridge, shall dance at the wedding.

“ Gentlemen of science, men of taste, ye of the Literary Emporium, for I perceive many of you present : to you, this is holy ground. If the spot over which, in times past, a hero left only the print of a footstep, is now sacred, of what price is the birth-place of one, who, all the world knows, was born in Middle street, directly opposite to this lot ; and who, if his birth-place was not well known, would now be claimed by more than seven cities. To you, then, the value of these premises must be inestimable. For, ere long, there will arise in front view of the edifice to be erected here, a monument, the wonder and veneration of the world. A column shall spring to the clouds ; and on that column will be engraven one word, that will convey all that is wise in intellect, useful in science, good in morals, prudent in counsel, and benevolent in principle ; a name, when living, the patron of the poor, the delight of the cottage, and

the admiration of kings ; now dead, worth the whole seven wise men of Greece. Need I tell you his name ? He fixed the thunder and guided the lightning.

“ Men of the North End ! Need I appeal to your patriotism, in order to enhance the value of this lot ? The earth affords no such scenery as this ; there, around that corner, lived James Otis ; here, Samuel Adams ; there, Joseph Warren ; and around that other corner, Josiah Quincy. Here was the birth-place of Freedom ; here, Liberty was born, and nursed, and grew to manhood. Here, man was new created. Here is the nursery of American Independence—I am too modest—here commenced the emancipation of the world ; a thousand generations hence, millions of men will cross the Atlantic, just to look at the North End of Boston. Your fathers—what do I say ? Yourself, yes, this moment, I behold several attending this auction who lent a hand to rock the cradle of Independence.

“ Men of speculation ! Ye who are deaf to every thing except the sound of money, you, I know, will give me both of your ears, when I tell you the city of Boston must have a piece of this estate in order to widen Ann street. Do you hear me ? do you all hear me ? I say the city must have a large piece of this land in order to widen Ann street. What a chance ! The city scorns to take a man’s land for nothing. If they seize your property, they are generous beyond the dreams of avarice. The only oppression is, you are in danger of being smothered

under a load of wealth. Witness the old lady who lately died of a broken heart, when the Mayor paid her for a piece of her kitchen garden. All the faculty agreed that the sight of the treasure, which the Mayor incautiously paid her in dazzling dollars, warm from the mint, sped joyfully all the blood of her body into her heart, and rent it in raptures. Therefore, let him who purchases this estate, fear his good fortune, and not Peter Rugg. Bid, then, liberally, and do not let the name of Rugg damp your ardor. How much will you give per foot for this estate?"

Thus spoke the auctioneer, and gracefully waved his ivory hammer. From fifty to seventy-five cents per foot, were offered in a few moments. It labored from seventy-five to ninety. At length one dollar was offered. The auctioneer seemed satisfied; and looking at his watch, said he would knock off the estate in five minutes, if no one offered more.

There was a deep silence during this short period. While the hammer was suspended, a strange rumbling noise was heard, which arrested the attention of every one. Presently, it was like the sound of many shipwrights driving home the bolts of a seventy-four. As the sound approached nearer, some exclaimed, "the buildings in the new market are falling in promiscuous ruins." Others said, "no; it is an earthquake, we perceive the earth joggle." Others said, "not so; the sound proceeds from Hanover street, and approaches nearer;" and this proved true, for presently Peter Rugg was in the midst of us.

"Alas, Jenny," said Peter, "I am ruined; our

house has been burnt, and here are all our neighbors around the ruins. Heaven grant your mother dame Rugg is safe."

"They don't look like our neighbors," said Jenny ; "but sure enough our house is burnt, and nothing left but the door stone, and an old cedar post—do ask where mother is?"

In the mean time more than a thousand men had surrounded Rugg, and his horse and chair. Yet neither Rugg, personally, nor his horse and carriage attracted more attention than the auctioneer. The confident look and searching eyes of Rugg, to every one present, carried more conviction, that the estate was his, than could any parchment or paper with signature and seal. The impression which the auctioneer had just made on the company was effaced in a moment: and although the latter words of the auctioneer were, "fear not Peter Rugg," the moment the auctioneer met the eye of Rugg, his occupation was gone, his arm fell down to his hips, his late lively hammer hung heavy in his hand, and the auction was forgotten. The black horse, too, gave his evidence. He knew his journey was ended, for he stretched himself into a horse and a half, rested his cheek bone over the cedar post, and whinnyed thrice, causing his harness to tremble from headstall to crupper.

Rugg then stood upright in his chair, and asked with some authority, "Who has demolished my house, in my absence, for I see no signs of a conflagration? I demand, by what accident this has happened; and wherefore this collection of strange peo-

ple has assembled before my door-step? I thought I knew every man in Boston, but you appear to me a new generation of men. Yet I am familiar with many of the countenances here present, and I can call some of you by name; but in truth I do not recollect that before this moment, I ever saw any one of you. There, I am certain, is a Winslow, and here a Sargent; there stands a Sewall, and next to him a Dudley. Will none of you speak to me? Or is this all a delusion? I see, indeed, many forms of men, and no want of eyes, but of motion, speech and hearing, you seem to be destitute. Strange! will no one inform me who has demolished my house?"

Then spake a voice from the crowd, but whence it came I could not discern. "There is nothing strange here, but yourself, Mr. Rugg. Time, which destroys and renews all things, has dilapidated your house, and placed us here. You have suffered many years under an illusion. The tempest which you profanely defied at Menotomy has at length subsided; but you will never see home; for your house and wife and neighbors have all disappeared. Your estate, indeed, remains, but no home. You were cut off from the last age, and you can never be fitted to the present. Your home is gone, and you can never have another home in this world."

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the Skipper had ta'en his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom sweet as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The Skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main,
I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !
The Skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shudder'd and paus'd, like a frightened steed,
'Then leap'd her cable's length.

Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?
'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !
And he steer'd for the open sea.

O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be !
Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !

O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be !
But the father answer'd never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lash'd to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd through the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept,
Toward the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts, went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roar'd !

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

THREE PICTURES OF BOSTON.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

TO understand the character of the commerce of our own city, we must not look merely at one point, but at the whole circuit of country, of which it is the business centre. We must not contemplate it only at this present moment of time, but we must bring before our imaginations, as in the shifting scenes of a diorama, at least three successive historical and topographical pictures ; and truly instructive I think it would be to see them delineated on canvass. We must survey the first of them in the company of the venerable John Winthrop, the founder of the State. Let us go up with him, on the day of his landing, the seventeenth of June, 1630 to the heights of yonder peninsula, as yet without a name. Landward stretches a dismal forest ; seaward, a waste of waters, unspotted with a sail, except that of his own ship. At the foot of the hill you see the cabins of Walford and the Spragues, who—the latter a year before, the former still earlier—had adventured to this spot, untenanted else by any child of civilization. On the other side of the river lies Mr. Blackstone's farm. It comprises

three goodly hills, converted by a spring-tide into three wood-crowned islets ; and it is mainly valued for a noble spring of fresh water which gushes from the northern slope of one of these hills, and which furnished, in the course of the summer, the motive for transferring the seat of the infant settlement. This shall be the first picture.

The second shall be contemplated from the same spot—the heights of Charlestown—on the same day, the eventful seventeenth of June, one hundred and forty-five years later, namely, in the year 1775. A terrific scene of war rages on the top of the hill. Wait for a favorable moment, when the volumes of fiery smoke roll away, and over the masts of that sixty-gun ship whose batteries are blazing upon the hill, you behold Mr. Blackstone's farm changed to an ill-built town of about two thousand dwelling houses, mostly of wood, with scarce any public buildings, but eight or nine churches, the old State House, and Faneuil Hall ; Roxbury beyond, an insignificant village ; a vacant marsh in all the space now occupied by Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, by Chelsea and East Boston ; and beneath your feet the town of Charlestown, consisting in the morning of a line of about three hundred houses, wrapped in a sheet of flames at noon, and reduced at eventide to a heap of ashes.

But those fires are kindled on the altar of Liberty. American Independence is established. American Commerce smiles on the spot ; and now from the

top of one of the triple hills of Mr. Blackstone's farm, a stately edifice arises, which seems to invite us as to an observatory. As we look down from this lofty structure, we behold the third picture—a crowded, busy scene. We see beneath us a city containing eighty or ninety thousand inhabitants, and mainly built of brick and granite. Vessels of every description are moored at the wharves. Long lines of commodious and even stately houses cover a space which, within the memory of man, was in a state of nature. Substantial blocks of ware houses and stores have forced their way to the channel. Faneuil Hall itself, the consecrated and unchangeable, has swelled to twice its original dimensions. Atheneums, hospitals, asylums and infirmaries, adorn the streets. The school house rears its modest front in every quarter of the city, and sixty or seventy churches attest the children are content to walk in the good old ways of their fathers. Connected with the city by eight bridges, avenues, or ferries, you behold a range of towns most of them municipally distinct, but all of them in reality forming with Boston one vast metropolis, animated by one commercial life. Shading off from these, you see that most lovely back-ground, a succession of happy settlements, spotted with villas, farm houses and cottages ; united to Boston by a constant intercourse ; sustaining the capital from their fields and gardens, and prosperous in the reflux of the city's wealth. Of the social life included within this circuit, and of all that in times past has adorned

and ennobled it, commercial industry has been an active element, and has exalted itself by an intimate association with every thing else we hold dear. Within this circuit what memorials strike the eye!—what recollections—what institutions—what patriotic treasures and names that cannot die! There lie the canonized precincts of Lexington and Concord; there rise the sacred heights of Dorchester and Concord; there is Harvard, the ancient and venerable, foster-child of public and private liberality in every part of the State; to whose existence Charlestown gave the first impulse, to whose growth and usefulness the opulence of Boston has at all times ministered with open hand. Still farther on than the eye can reach, four lines of communication by railroad and steam have within our own day united with the capital, by bands of iron, a still broader circuit of towns and villages. Hark to the voice of life and business which sounds along the lines! While we speak, one of them is shooting onward to the illimitable West, and all are uniting with the other kindred enterprises, to form one harmonious and prosperous whole, in which town and country, agriculture and manufactures, labor and capital, art and nature—wrought and compacted into one grand system—are constantly gathering and diffusing, concentrating and radiating the economical, the social, the moral blessings of a liberal and diffusive commerce.

LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast !
 Fling out your field of azure blue ;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
 And point as Freedom's eagle flew !
Strain home ! oh lithe and quivering spars !
Point home, my country's flag of stars !

The wind blows fair ! the vessel feels
 The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
 She leaps to the careering seas !
Oh, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
 In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
 I 've seen your semblance in the sky,
And longed, with breaking heart, to flee
 On such white pinions o'er the sea !

Adieu, oh lands of fame and eld !
 I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
 Yon clouded line, come hurrying back ;

My lips are dry with vague desire,—
 My cheek once more is hot with joy—
 My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire !—
 Oh, what has changed that traveller-boy !
 As leaves the ship this dying foam,
 His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds
 home !

Adieu, oh soft and southern shore,
 Where dwelt the stars long missed in heaven !
 Those forms of beauty seen no more,
 Yet once to Art's rapt vision given !
 Oh, still th' enamored sun delays,
 And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
 To win to his adoring gaze
 Those children of the sky again !
 Irradiate beauty, such as never
 That light on other earth hath shone,
 Hath made this land her home forever ;
 And could I live for this alone—
 Were not my birth-right brighter far
 Than such voluptuous slave's can be—
 Held not the West one glorious star
 New-born and blazing for the free—
 Soared not to heaven our eagle yet—
 Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me to
 forget !

Adieu, oh father-land ! I see
 Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
 And though to freer skies I flee,
 My heart swells, and my eyes are dim !

As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother ! in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears !
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years !
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner !
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea !
The ear of Heaven bends low to *her* !
He comes to shore who sails with me !
The wind-tost spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze—
And by a thread from heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays !

Dear mother ! when our lips can speak—
When first our tears will let us see—
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
'T will be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have had—
For all may flee, so feeling lingers !
But there's a change, beloved mother !
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine ;

I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine !
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
 One star arose in memory's heaven—
Thou, who hast watched *one* treasure only—
 Watered *one* flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart ! The hearth she left
 Is darkened to lend light to ours !
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
 And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—
 Room, mother, in thy heart !—place for her in
 thy prayer !

CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

IN Boston, indeed, where the pulpit had marshaled Quakers and witches to the gallows, one newspaper, the New England Courant, the fourth American periodical, was established, as an organ of independent opinion, by James Franklin. Its temporary success was advanced by Benjamin, his brother and apprentice, a boy of fifteen, who wrote pieces for its humble columns, worked in composing the types, as well as in printing off the sheets; and himself, as carrier, distributed the papers to the customers. The little sheet satirized hypocrisy, and spoke of religious knaves as of all knaves the worst. This was described as tending "to abuse the ministers of religion in a manner which was intolerable." "I can well remember," writes Increase Mather, then more than fourscore years of age, "when the civil government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a cursed libel." In July of the same year, a resolve passed the council, appointing a censor for the press of James Franklin; but the house refused its concurrence. The ministers persevered; and, in January, 1723, a committee of inquiry was raised by

the legislature. Benjamin Franklin, being examined, escaped with an admonition; James, the publisher, refusing to discover the author of the offence, was kept in jail for a month; his paper was censured as reflecting injuriously on the reverend ministers of the gospel; and, by vote of the house and council, he was forbidden to print it, "except it be first supervised."

Vexed at the arbitrary proceedings of the assembly; willing to escape from a town where good people pointed with horror at his freedom; indignant, also, at the tyranny of a brother, who, as a passionate master, often beat his apprentice,—Benjamin Franklin, then but seventeen years old, sailed clandestinely for New York; and, finding there no employment, crossed to Amboy; went on foot to the Delaware; for want of wind, rowed in a boat from Burlington to Philadelphia; and, bearing marks of his labor at the oar, weary, hungry, having for his whole stock of cash a single dollar, the runaway apprentice—greatest of the sons of New England of that generation, the humble pupil of the free schools of Boston, rich in the boundless hope of youth and the unconscious power of genius, which modesty adorned—stepped on shore to seek food, occupation, shelter and fortune.

On the deep foundations of sobriety, frugality and industry, the young journeyman built his fortunes and fame; and he soon came to have a printing office of his own. Toiling early and late, with his own hands he set types and worked at the press; with his own hands would trundle to the office in a wheelbarrow the reams of paper which he was to use. His inge-

nuity was such, he could form letters, make types and wood cuts, and engrave vignettes in copper. The assembly of Pennsylvania respected his merit, and chose him its printer. He planned a newspaper; and, when he became its proprietor and editor, he fearlessly defended absolute freedom of thought and speech, and the inalienable power of the people. Desirous of advancing education, he planned improvements in the schools of Philadelphia; he invented the system of subscription libraries, and laid the foundation of one that was long the most considerable library in America; he concerted the establishment of an academy, which has ripened into a university; he saw the benefit of union in the pursuit of science, and founded a philosophical society for its advancement. The intelligent and highly cultivated Logan bore testimony to his merits before they had burst upon the world:—"Our most ingenious printer has the clearest understanding, with extreme modesty. He is certainly an extraordinary man,"—"of a singularly good judgment, but of equal modesty,"—"excellent, yet humble." "Do not imagine," he adds, "that I overdo in my character of Benjamin Franklin, for I am rather short in it." When the scientific world began to investigate the wonders of electricity, Franklin excelled all observers in the marvellous simplicity and lucid exposition of his experiments, and in the admirable sagacity with which he elicited from them the laws which they illustrated. It was he who first suggested the explanation of thunder gusts and the northern lights on electrical principles; and, in the

summer of 1752, going out into the fields, with no instrument but a kite, no companion but his son, established his theory, by obtaining a line of connection with a thunder cloud. Nor did he cease till he had made the lightning a household pastime, taught his family to catch the subtile fluid in its inconceivably rapid leaps between the earth and the sky, and compelled it to give warning of its passage by the harmless ringing of bells.

With placid tranquillity, Benjamin Franklin looked quietly and deeply into the secrets of nature. His clear understanding was never perverted by passion, or corrupted by the pride of theory. The son of a rigid Calvinist, the grandson of a tolerant Quaker, he had from boyhood been familiar not only with theological subtilties, but with a catholic respect for freedom of mind. Skeptical of tradition as the basis of faith, he respected reason, rather than authority ; and, after a momentary lapse into fatalism, escaping from the mazes of fixed decrees and free will, he gained, with increasing years, an increasing trust in the overruling providence of God. Adhering to none “of all the religions” in the colonies, he yet devoutly, though without form, adhered to religion. But though famous as a disputant, and having a natural aptitude for metaphysics, he obeyed the tendency of his age, and sought by observation to win an insight into the mysteries of being. Loving truth, without prejudice and without bias, he discerned intuitively the identity of the laws of nature with those of which humanity is conscious ; so that his mind was like a mirror, in

which the universe, as it reflected itself, revealed her laws. He was free from mysticism, even to a fault. His morality, repudiating ascetic severities, and the system which enjoins them, was indulgent to appetites, of which he abhorred the sway ; but his affections were of a calm intensity : in all his career, the love of man gained the mastery over personal interest. He had not the imagination which inspires the bard or kindles the orator ; but an exquisite propriety, parsimonious of ornament, gave ease of expression and graceful simplicity even to his most careless writings. In life, also, his tastes were delicate. Indifferent to the pleasures of the table, he relished the delights of music and harmony, of which he enlarged the instruments. His blandness of temper and modesty, the benignity of his manners, made him the delight of intelligent society ; and, with healthy cheerfulness, he derived pleasure from books, from philosophy, from conversation—now calmly administering consolation to the sorrower, now indulging in the expression of light-hearted gayety. In his intercourse, the universality of his perceptions bore, perhaps, the character of humor ; while he clearly discerned the contrast between the grandeur of the universe and the feebleness of man, a serene benevolence saved him from contempt of his race, or disgust at its toils. To superficial observers he might have seemed as an alien from speculative truth, limiting himself to the world of the senses ; and yet, in study, and among men, his mind always sought, with unaffected simplicity, to discover and apply the general

principles by which nature and affairs are controlled—now deducing from the theory of caloric improvements in fireplaces and lanterns, and now advancing human freedom by firm inductions from the inalienable rights of man. Never professing enthusiasm, never making a parade of sentiment, his practical wisdom was sometimes mistaken for the offspring of selfish prudence ; yet his hope was steadfast, like that hope which rests on the Rock of Ages, and his conduct was as unerring as though the light that led him was a light from heaven. He never anticipated action by theories of self-sacrificing virtue ; and yet, in the moments of intense activity, he, from the highest abodes of ideal truth, brought down and applied to the affairs of life the sublimest principles of goodness, as noiselessly and unostentatiously as became the man who, with a kite and hempen string, drew the lightning from the skies. He separated himself so little from his age, that he has been called the representative of materialism ; and yet, when he thought on religion, his mind passed beyond reliance on sects to faith in God ; when he wrote on politics, he founded the freedom of his country on principles that know no change ; when he turned an observing eye on nature, he passed always from the effect to the cause, from individual appearances to universal laws ; when he reflected on history, his philosophic mind found gladness and repose in the clear anticipation of the progress of humanity.

“PASSING AWAY.”—A DREAM.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
“Passing away! passing away!”

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring

That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)
 And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

O how bright were the wheels, that told
 Of the lapse of time, as they moved round slow!
 And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
 And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 That she held in her out-stretched hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride;—
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
 That marched so calmly round above her,
 Was a little dimmed,—as when Evening steals
 Upon Noon's hot face:—yet one could n't but love her,
 For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
 Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;—
 And she seemed, in the same silver tone, to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came !

Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan :

Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,

Yet, just as busily, swung she on ;

The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;

The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;

The hands, that over the dial swept,

Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,

And still there came that silver tone

From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,—

(Let me never forget till my dying day

The tone or the burden of her lay,)—

“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

FATE OF THE INDIANS.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

THERE is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much, which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their

lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down ; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived ; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they ? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth ; the sachems and the tribes ; the hunters and their families ? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond

the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts, which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission; but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel, that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

“HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!”

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea !
Their hearts are like its yesty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast ;
And sing when deep in foam the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low ;
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvass furled,
The gallant hull will float
Securely, as on inland lake
A silken-tasselled boat ;

And sound asleep some mariners,
And some, with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners!
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shattered sails;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea!

A NEW ENGLAND SKETCH.

BY HARRIET E. BEECHER.

AND so—I am to write a story—but of what and where? Shall it be radiant with the sky of Italy, or eloquent with the beau ideal of Greece? Shall it breathe odor and languor from the orient, or chivalry from the occident? or gayety from France, or vigor from England? No—no—these are all too old—too story-like—too obviously picturesque for me. No—let me turn to my own land—my own New England—the land of bright fires and strong hearts: the land of *deeds* and not of words: the land of fruits and not of flowers: the land often spoken against, yet always respected—“the latchet of whose shoes the nations of the earth are not worthy to unloose.”

Now, from this very heroic apostrophe, you may suppose that I have something very heroic to tell. By no means. It is merely a little introductory breeze of patriotism, such as occasionally brushes over every mind, bearing on its wings the remembrance of all we ever loved or cherished, in the land of our early years; and if it should seem to be rhodomontade to any people on this side of the moun-

tains, let them only imagine it to be said about "Old Kentuck," or any other corner of the world in which they happened to be born, and they will find it quite rational, and to the point.

But as touching our story, it is time to begin. Did you ever see the little village of Newbury, in Connecticut? I dare say you never did; for it was just one of those out-of-the-way places where nobody ever came, unless they came on purpose—a green little hollow, wedged like a bird's nest between half a dozen high hills, that kept off the wind and kept out foreigners; so that the little place was as strictly *sui generis*, as if there were not another in the world. The inhabitants were all of that respectable old stand-fast family who make it a point to be born, bred, married, die and be buried, all in the self-same spot. There were just so many houses, and just so many people lived in them; and nobody ever seemed to be sick or to die either—at least while I was there. The natives grew old, till they could not grow older, and then they stood still, and *lasted* from generation to generation. There was, too, an *unchangability* about all the externals of Newbury. Here was a red house, and there was a brown house, and across the way was a yellow house; and there was a straggling rail fence or a tribe of mullen stalks between. The parson lived here, and squire Moses lived there, and deacon Hart lived under the hill, and Messrs. Nadab and Abibu Peters lived by the cross-road, and the old "widder" Smith lived by the meeting house,

and Ebenezer Camp kept a shoe-maker's shop on one side, and Patience Mosely kept a milliner's shop in front ; and there was old Comfort Scran who kept store for the whole town, and sold ax-heads, brass thimbles, liquorice ball, fancy handkerchiefs, and every thing else you can think of. Here too was a general post office, where you might see letters marvellously folded, directed wrong side upward, stamped with a thimble, and superscribed to some of the Dollys, or Pollys, or Peters, or Moseses, asorenamed, or not named.

For the rest, as to manners, morals, arts and sciences, the people in Newbury always went to their parties at three o'clock in the afternoon, and came home before dark, always stopped all work the minute the sun was down on Saturday night, always went to meeting on Sunday, had a school house with all the ordinary inconveniences, were in neighborly charity with each other, read their Bibles, feared their God, and were content with such things as they had—the best philosophy, after all. Such was the place into which Master James Benton made an irruption in the year eighteen hundred and no matter what. Now this James is to be our hero ; and he is just the hero for a sensation ; at least so you would have thought, if you had been in Newbury the week after his arrival. Master James was one of those whole-hearted energetic yankees, who rise in the world as naturally as cork does in the water. He possessed a great share of that characteristic national trait, so happily

denominated "cuteness," which signifies an ability to do every thing without trying, and to know every thing without learning, and to make more use of one's *ignorance* than other people do of their knowledge. This quality in James was mingled with an elasticity of animal spirits, a buoyant cheerfulness of mind, which, though found in the New England character, perhaps as often as any where else, is not ordinarily regarded as one of its distinguishing traits.

As to the personal appearance of our hero, we have not much to say of it—not half so much as the girls in Newbury found it necessary to remark, the first Sabbath that he shone out in the meeting house. There was a saucy frankness of countenance, a knowing roguery of eye, a joviality and prankishness of demeanor, that was wonderfully captivating, especially to the ladies.

It is true that Master James had an uncommonly comfortable opinion of himself, a full faith that there was nothing in creation that he could not learn, and could not do ; and this faith was maintained with an abounding and triumphant joyfulness, that fairly carried your sympathies along with him, and made you feel quite as much delighted with his qualifications and prospects, as he felt himself. There are two kinds of self-sufficiency—one is amusing, the other is provoking. His was the amusing kind. It seemed, in truth, to be only the buoyancy and overflow of a vivacious mind, delighted with every thing that is delightful, in himself or others. He was always ready

to magnify his own praise, but quite as ready to exalt his neighbor, if the channel of discourse ran that way. His own perfections being more completely within his knowledge, he rejoiced in them more constantly ; but if those of any one else came within the same range, he was quite as much astonished and edified as if they had been his own.

Master James, at the time of his transit to the town of Newbury, was only eighteen years of age ; so that it was difficult to say which predominated in him most—the boy or the man. The belief that he could, and the determination that he would, be something in the world, had caused him to abandon his home, and with all his worldly effects tied in a blue cotton pocket handkerchief, to proceed to seek his fortune in Newbury. And never did stranger in yankee village rise to promotion with more unparalleled rapidity, or boast a greater plurality of employment. He figured as school-master all the week, and as chorister on Sundays, and taught singing and reading in the evenings, besides studying Latin and Greek—nobody knew when—with the minister, thus fitting for College while he seemed to be doing every thing else in the world, besides.

James understood every art and craft of popularity, and made himself mightily at home in all the chimney corners of the region round about ; knew the geography of every body's cider-barrel and apple-bin—helping himself and every one else, therefrom, with all bountifulness—rejoicing in the good things

of this life, devouring the old ladies' dough-nuts and pumpkin-pies, with most flattering appetite, and appearing equally to relish every body and thing that came in his way.

The degree and versatility of his acquirements were truly wonderful. He knew all about arithmetic and history ; and all about catching squirrels and planting corn ; made poetry and hoe-handles with equal celerity ; wound yarn and took out grease spots for old ladies, and made nosegays and nicknacks for young ones ; caught trout Saturday afternoons, and discussed doctrines on Sundays, with equal adroitness and effect. In short, Master James moved on through the place

“Victorious,
Happy and glorious,”

welcomed and privileged by every body in every place ; and when he had told his last ghost story, and fairly flourished himself out of doors, at the close of a long winter's evening, you might see the hard face of the good man of the house still phosphorescent with his departing radiance, and hear him exclaim, in a paroxysm of admiration, that “James' talk really did beat all—that he was sartinly a most miraculous cretur !”

It was wonderfully contrary to the buoyant activity of Master James' mind, to keep a school. He had, moreover, so much of the boy and the rogue in his composition, that he could not be strict with the iniquities of the curly pates under his charge ; and when

he saw how determinately every little heart was boiling over with mischief and motion, he felt in his soul more disposed to join in and help them to a regular frolic, than to lay justice to the line, as was meet. This would have made a sad case, had it not been that the activity of the master's mind communicated itself to his charge, just as the reaction of one brisk little spring, will fill a manufactory with motion ; so that there was more of an impulse towards study in the golden good-natured day of James Benton, than in the time of all that went before or came after him.

But when "school was out," James' spirit foamed over as naturally as a tumbler of soda water, and he could jump over benches, and burst out of doors, with as much rapture as the veriest little elf in his company. Then you might have seen him stepping homeward, with a most felicitous expression of countenance, occasionally reaching his hand through the fence for a bunch of currants, or over it after a sunflower, or bursting into some back yard to help an old lady empty her wash tub, or stopping to pay his devoirs to aunt this, or mistress that—for James well knew the importance of the "powers that be," and always kept the sunny side of the old ladies.

We shall not answer for James' general flirtations, which were sundry and manifold ; for he had just the kindly heart that fell in love with every thing in feminine shape that came in his way ; and if he had not been blessed with an equal faculty for falling out again, we do not know what ever would have become

of him. But at length he came into an abiding captivity, and it is quite time that he should ; for having devoted thus much space to the illustration of our hero, it is fit we should do something in behalf of our heroine ; and therefore we must beg the reader's attention while we draw a diagram or two, that will assist him in gaining a right idea of her.

Do you see yonder brown house, with its broad roof sloping almost to the ground on one side, and a great unsupported sun-bonnet of a piazza shooting out over the front door ? You must often have noticed it ; you have seen its tall well-sweep, relieved against the clear evening sky, or observed the feather beds and bolsters, lounging out of its chamber windows on a still summer morning ; you recollect its gate that swung with a chain and a great stone ; its pantry window, latticed with little brown slabs, and looking out upon a forest of bean poles. You remember the zephyrs that used to play among its pea-brush, and shake the long tassels of its corn patch, and how vainly any zephyr might essay to perform similar flirtations with the considerate cabbages, that were solemnly vegetating near by. Then there was the whole neighborhood of purple-leaved beets, and feathery carrots and parsnips ; there were the billows of gooseberry bushes rolled up by the fence, interspersed with rows of quince trees, and far off in one corner, was one little patch penuriously devoted to ornament, which flamed with marigolds, poppies, snappers and four-o'clocks. Then there was a little box by itself

with one rose geranium in it, which seemed to look around the garden as much like a stranger as a French dancing-master in a yankee meeting house.

This is the dwelling of uncle Timothy Griswold. Uncle Tim, as he was commonly called, had a character that a painter would sketch for its lights and contrasts, rather than its symmetry. He was a chestnut burr, abounding with briars without, and with substantial goodness within. He had the strong-grained practical sense, the calculating worldly wisdom, of his class of people in New England; he had, too, a kindly heart; but the whole stratum of his character was crossed by a vein of surly petulance, that, half way between joke and earnest, colored every thing that he said and did.

If you asked a favor of uncle Tim, he generally kept you arguing half an hour, to prove that you really needed it, and to tell you that he could not all the while be troubled with helping one body or another, all which time you might observe him regularly making his preparations to grant your request, and see by an odd glimmer of his eye, that he was preparing to let you hear the "conclusion of the whole matter," which was, "well—well—I guess—I'll go on the *hull*—I 'spose I must at least"—so off he would go and work while the day lasted, and then wind up with a farewell exhortation "not to be a 'callin' on your neighbors, when you could get along without." If any of uncle Tim's neighbors were in any trouble, he was always at hand to tell them

“that they should n’t a’ done so,” that “it was strange they could n’t had more sense,” and then to close his exhortations by laboring more diligently than any, to bring them out of their difficulties, groaning in spirit meanwhile that folks would make people so much trouble.

“Uncle Tim, father wants to know if you will lend him your hoe to-day?” says a little boy, making his way across a corn-field.

“Why do n’t your father use his own hoe?”

“Our’n is broke.”

“Broke! how came it broke?”

“I broke it yesterday, trying to hit a squirrel.”

“What business had you to be hittin’ squirrels with a hoe? say?”

“But father wants to borrow yours.”

“Why do n’t he have that mended? It’s a great pester to have every body usin’ a body’s things.”

“Well, I can borrow one somewhere else, I suppose,” says the suppliant. After the boy has stumbled across the ploughed ground, and is fairly over the fence, uncle Tim calls—

“Halloo, there, you little rascal! what you goin’ off without the hoe for?”

“I did n’t know as you meant to lend it.”

“I did n’t say I would n’t, did I? Here, come and take it—stay—I’ll bring it; and do you tell your father not to be a’ lettin’ you hunt squirrels with his hoes next time.”

Uncle Tim’s household consisted of aunt Sally, his

wife, and an only son and daughter ; the former, at the time our story begins, was at a neighboring literary institution. Aunt Sally was precisely as clever, as easy to be entreated, and kindly in externals, as her help-mate was the reverse. She was one of those respectable pleasant old ladies, whom you might often have met on the way to church on a Sunday, equipped with a great fan and a psalm-book, and carrying some dried orange peel, or stalk of fennel, to give to the children if they were sleepy in meeting.

She was as cheerful and domestic as the tea-kettle that sung by her kitchen fire, and slipped along among uncle Tim's angles and peculiarities as if there never was any thing the matter in the world ; and the same mantle of sunshine seemed to have fallen on Miss Grace, her only daughter.

Pretty in her person, and pleasant in her ways, endowed with native self-possession and address, lively and chatty, having a mind and will of her own, yet good humored withal, Miss Grace was a universal favorite. It would have puzzled a city lady to understand how Grace, who was never out of Newbury in her life, knew the way to speak, and act, and behave, on all occasions, exactly as if she had been taught how. She was just one of those wild flowers which you sometimes may see waving its little head in the woods, and looking so civilized and garden-like, that you wonder if it really did come up and grow there by nature. She was an adept in all household concerns ; and there was something so amazingly pretty

in her energetic way of bustling about, and “putting things to rights.” Like most yankee damsels, she had a longing after the tree of knowledge; and having exhausted the literary fountains of a district school, she fell to reading whatsoever came in her way. True, she had but little to read; but what she perused, she had her own thoughts upon; so that a person of information, in talking with her, would feel a constant wondering pleasure to find that she had so much more to say of this, and that, and the other thing, than he expected.

Uncle Tim, like every one else, felt the magical brightness of his daughter; and was delighted with her praises, as might be discerned by his often finding occasion to remark, that he “did n’t see why the boys need to be all the time a’ comin’ to see Grace—for she was nothing so extror’nary—after all.” About all matters and things at home, she generally had her own way, while uncle Tim would scold and give up, with a regular good grace that was quite creditable.

“Father,” says Grace, “I want to have a party next week.”

“You sha’nt go to havin’ your parties, Grace. I always have to eat bits and ends a fortnight after you have one, and I wont have it so.” And so uncle Tim walked out, and aunt Sally and Miss Grace proceeded to make the cake and pies for the party.

When uncle Tim came home, he saw a long army of pies and rows of cakes on the kitchen table.

“Grace—Grace—Grace, I say! what is all this here flummery for?”

"Why, it is to *eat*, father," said Grace, with a good natured look of consciousness.

Uncle Tim tried his best to look sour; but his visage began to wax comical as he looked at his merry daughter, so he said nothing, but quietly sat down to his dinner.

"Father," said Grace, after dinner, "we shall want two more candlesticks next week."

"Why, can't you have your party with what you've got?"

"No, father, we want two more."

"I can't afford it, Grace—there's no sort of use on't—and you sha'n't have any."

"Oh, father, now do," said Grace.

"I wont, neither," said uncle Tim, as he sallied out of the house, and took the road to Comfort Scran's store.

In half an hour he returned again, and fumbling in his pocket and drawing forth a candlestick, levelled it at Grace.

"There's your candlestick."

"But, father, I said I wanted *two*."

"Why! can't you make one do?"

"No, I can't—I must have two."

"Well, then—there's t' other—and here's a fol-de-rol for you to tie round your neck." So saying, he bolted for the door and took himself off with all speed. It was much after this fashion that matters commonly went on in the brown house.

But having tarried long on the way, we must proceed with our main story.

James thought Miss Grace was a glorious girl ; and as to what Miss Grace thought of Master James, perhaps it would not have been developed, had she not been called to stand on the defensive for him with uncle Tim. For, from the time that the whole village of Newbury began to be wholly given unto the praise of Master James, uncle Tim set his face as a flint against him, from the laudable fear of following the multitude. He therefore made conscience of stoutly gainsaying every thing that was said in his favor, which, as James was in high favor with aunt Sally, he had frequent opportunities to do.

So when Miss Grace perceived that uncle Tim did not like our hero as much as he ought to do, she of course was bound to like him well enough to make up for it. Certain it is, that they were remarkably happy in finding opportunities of being acquainted—that James waited on her, as a matter of course, from singing school, that he volunteered making a new box for her geranium on an improved plan, and above all, that he was remarkably particular in his attentions to aunt Sally—a stroke of policy which showed that James had a natural genius for this sort of matters. Even when emerging from the meeting house, in full glory, with flute and psalm-book under his arm, he would stop to ask her how she did ; and if it was cold weather, he would carry her foot-stove all the way from meeting, discoursing upon the sermon and other useful matters, as aunt Sally observed, “ in the pleasantest, prettiest way that ever ye see.” This flute

was one of the crying sins of James in the eyes of uncle Tim. James was particularly fond of it, because he had learned to play on it by intuition; and on the decease of the old pitchpipe, which was slain by a fall from the gallery, he took the liberty to introduce the flute in its place. For this and other sins, and for the good reasons above named, uncle Tim's countenance was not towards James, neither could he be moved to him-ward by any manner of means.

To all aunt Sally's good words and kind speeches, he had only to say that "he did n't like him—that he hated to see him a' manifesting and glorifying there in the front gallery, Sundays, and a' acting every where as if he was master of all—he did n't like it, and he would n't." But our hero was no whit cast down or discomfited by the malcontent aspect of uncle Tim. On the contrary, when report was made to him of divers of his hard speeches, he only shrugged his shoulders, with a vastly satisfied air, and remarked that "he knew a thing or two, for all that."

"Why, James," said his companion and chief counsellor, "do you think Grace likes you?"

"I do n't know," said our hero, with a comfortable appearance of certainty.

"But you can't get her, James, if uncle Tim is cross about it."

"Fudge! I can make uncle Tim like me, if I've a mind to try."

"Well, then, Jim, you'll have to give up that are flute of yours, I tell ye now."

“Faw, sol, law ; I ’ll make him like me and my flute too.”

“Why, how ’ll ye do it?”

“Oh, I ’ll work it,” said our hero.

“Well, Jim, I tell you now, you do n’t know uncle Tim, if you say so—for he ’s jist the *settest* crittur in his way that ever ye see.”

“I *do* know uncle Tim, though, better than most folks—he ’s no more cross than I am ; and as to his being *set*, you ’ve nothing to do but make him think he ’s in his own way when he ’s in yours—that ’s all.”

“Well,” said the other, “but ye see I do n’t believe it.”

“And I ’ll bet you a gray squirrel, that I ’ll go there this very evening, and get him to like me and my flute both,” said James.

Accordingly the late sunshine of that afternoon shone full on the yellow buttons of James, as he proceeded to the place of conflict. It was a bright, beautiful evening. A thunder storm had just cleared away, and the silver clouds lay rolled up in masses around the setting sun ; the rain-drops were sparkling and winking to each other over the ends of the leaves, and all the blue-birds and robins, breaking forth into song, made the little green valley as merry as a musical box.

James’ soul was always overflowing with that kind of poetry which consists in feeling unspeakably happy ; and it is not to be wondered at, considering where he was going, that he should feel in a double ecstasy on

the present occasion. He stepped gaily along, occasionally springing over a fence to the right, to see whether the rain had swollen the trout-brook, or to the left, to notice the ripening of Mr. Somebody's water-melons—for James always had an eye on all his neighbors' matters, as well as his own.

In this way he proceeded, till he arrived at the picket fence that marked the commencement of uncle Tim's ground. Here he stopped to consider. Just then, four or five sheep walked up and began *also* to *consider* a loose picket, which was hanging just ready to drop off—and James began to look at the sheep. "Well, mister," said he, as he observed the leader judiciously drawing himself through the gap—"in with you—just what I wanted"—and having waited a moment to ascertain that all the company were likely to follow, he ran with all haste towards the house, and swinging open the gate, pressed all breathless to the door.

"Uncle Tim, there's four or five sheep in your garden." Uncle Tim dropped his whet-stone and scythe.

"I'll drive 'em out, sha'n't I?" said our hero, and with that he ran down the garden alley, and made a furious descent on the enemy, bestirring himself, as Bunyan says, "lustily and with good courage," till every sheep had skipped out much quicker than he skipped in; and then springing over the fence, he seized a great stone and nailed on the picket so effectually, that no sheep could possibly encourage the

hope of getting in again. This was all the work of a minute ; and he was back again, but so exceedingly out of breath, that it was necessary for him to stop a moment and rest himself. Uncle Tim looked ungraciously satisfied.

“What under the canopy set you to scampering so,” said he ; “I could a’ driv’ out them critturs myself?”

“If you ’re at all particular about driving ’em out *yourself*, I can let ’em in again,” said James.

Uncle Tim looked at him with an odd sort of twinkle in the corner of his eye.

“’Spose I must ask you to walk in,” said he.

“Much obliged,” said James, “but I am in a great hurry.” So saying, he started in very business-like fashion towards the gate.

“You ’d better just stop a minute.”

“Can’t stay a minute.”

“I don’t see what possesses you to be all the while in sich a hurry ; a body would think you had all creation on your shoulders !”

“Just my situation, uncle Tim,” said James, swinging open the gate.

“Well, at any rate, have a drink of cider, can’t ye ?” said uncle Tim, who was now quite engaged to have his own way in the case.

James found it convenient to accept this invitation, and uncle Tim was twice as good natured as if he had staid in the first of the matter.

Once fairly forced into the premises, James thought

fit to forget his long walk and excess of business, especially as about that moment, aunt Sally and Miss Grace returned from an afternoon call. You may be sure that the last thing these respectable ladies looked for, was to find uncle Tim and Master James, tete-a-tete, over a pitcher of cider; and when, as they entered, our hero looked up with something of a mischievous air, Miss Grace, in particular, was so puzzled that it took her at least a quarter of an hour to untie her bonnet strings. But James stayed and acted the agreeable to perfection. First he must needs go down into the garden to look at uncle Tim's wonderful cabbages, and then he promenaded all around the corn patch, stopping every few moments and looking up with an appearance of great gratification, as if he never saw such corn in his life; and then he examined uncle Tim's favorite apple tree, with an expression of wonderful interest.

"I never!" he broke forth, having stationed himself against the fence opposite to it.

"What kind of a tree is that, uncle Tim?"

"It's a bell-flower, or somethin' another," said uncle Tim, somewhat mollified.

"Why—where *did* you get it? I never saw such apples!" said our hero, with his eyes still fixed on the tree.

Uncle Tim pulled up a stalk or two of weeds and threw them over the fence, just to show that he did not care any thing about the matter, and then he came up and stood by James.

"'T a'nt nothin' so remarkable, as I know on," said he.

Just then, Grace came to say that supper was ready. Once seated at table, it was astonishing to see the perfect and smiling assurance with which our hero continued his addresses to uncle Tim. It sometimes goes a great way towards making people like us, to take it for granted that they do already ; and upon this principle James proceeded. He talked, laughed, told stories, and joked with the most fearless assurance ; occasionally seconding his words by looking uncle Tim in the face with a countenance so full of good will as would have melted any snow-drift of prejudices in the world.

James also had one natural accomplishment, more courtier-like than all the diplomacy in Europe ; and that was, the gift of feeling a *real* interest for any body, in five minutes ; so that if he began to please in jest, he generally ended in earnest. With all the simplicity of his own mind, he had a natural tact for seeing into others, and watched their motions with the same delight with which a child gazes at the wheels and springs of a watch, "to see what it will do."

The rough exterior and latent kindness of uncle Tim, was quite a spirit-stirring study ; and when tea was over, as he and Grace *happened* to be standing together in the front door, he broke forth,

"I do really like your father, Grace !"

"Do you *really* ?" said Grace.

"Yes, I do. He has something *in him*, and I like him all the better for having to fish it out."

“ Well, I hope you will make him like you,” said Grace, unconsciously, and then she stopped and looked a little abashed.

James was too well bred to see this, or look as if Grace meant any more than she said—a kind of breeding not always attendant on more *fashionable* polish—so he only answered,

“ I think I shall, Grace ; though I doubt whether I can get him to own it.”

“ He ’s the kindest man that ever was,” said Grace ; “ and he always acts as if he was ashamed of it.”

James turned a little away, and looked at the bright evening sky, which was glowing like a calm golden sea ; and over it, was the silver new moon, with one little star to hold the candle for her. He shook some bright drops off from a rose bush near by, and watched to see them shine as they fell, while Grace stood very quietly waiting for him to speak again.

“ Grace,” said he, at last, “ I am going to college this fall.”

“ So you told me yesterday,” said Grace, drily.

James stooped down over Grace’s geranium, and began to busy himself with pulling off all the dead leaves, remarking in the meanwhile,

“ And if I do get him to like me, Grace, will you like me too ? ”

“ I like you now very well,” said Grace.

“ Come, Grace, you know what I mean,” said James, looking steadfastly at the top of the apple tree.

“Well—I wish then you would understand what I mean, without my saying any more about it,” said Grace.

“Oh! to be sure I will,” said our hero, looking up with a very intelligent air; and so, as aunt Sally would say, the matter was settled with “no words about it.”

Now shall we narrate how our hero, as he saw uncle Tim approaching the door, had the impudence to take out his flute, and put the parts together, screwing it round and fixing it with great composure!

“Uncle Tim,” said he, looking up, “this is the best flute that most ever I saw.”

“I hate them tooting critturs,” said uncle Tim, snappingly.

“I declare! I wonder how you can!” said James, “for I do think they exceed”——

So saying, he put the flute to his mouth and ran up and down a long flourish.

“There! what do you think of that?” said he, looking in uncle Tim’s face with much delight.

Uncle Tim turned and marched into the house, but soon faced to the right about, and came out again.

James was fingering Yankee Doodle—that appropriate national air for the descendants of the puritans.

Uncle Tim’s patriotism began to bestir itself; and now if it had been any thing, as he said, but “that are flute”—as it was, he looked more than once at James’ fingers.

“How under the sun could you learn to do that?” said he.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said James, proceeding with another tune; and having played it through, he stopped a moment to examine the joints of his flute; and in the mean time, addressed uncle Tim—"You can't think how grand this is for pitching tunes—I always pitch the tunes Sunday with it."

"Yes; but I do n't think it's a right and fit instrument for the Lord's house," said uncle Tim.

"Why not? it's only a kind of a long pitch-pipe, you see," said James; "and seeing the old one is broken, and this will answer, I do n't see why it is n't better than nothing."

"Why, yes, it may be better than nothing," said uncle Tim; "but as I always tell Grace and my wife, it aint the right kind of instrument after all; it aint solemn."

"Oh, solemn!" said James, "that's according to how you work it—see here now."

So saying, he struck up Old Hundred, and proceeded through it with great perseverance.

"There now," said he.

"Well, well—I do n't know but it is," said uncle Tim; "but as I said at first, I do n't like the look of it in a meetin'."

"But yet, you really think it's better than nothing," said James, "for you see, I could n't pitch my tunes without it."

"May be 't is," said uncle Tim; "but that aint sayin' much."

This, however, was enough for Master James, who

soon after departed, with his flute in his pocket, and Grace's last words in his heart ; soliloquizing as he shut the gate, "there now, I hope aunt Sally wont go to praising me ; for just so sure as she does, I shall have it all to do over again."

James was right in his apprehension. Uncle Tim could be privately converted, but not brought to open confession ; and when, the next morning, aunt Sally remarked in the kindness of her heart—"Well, I always knew you would come to like James"—uncle Tim only responded—"Who said I did like him?"

"But I'm sure you *seemed* to like him last night."

"Why, I could n't turn him out o' doors, could I? I do n't think nothin' of him but what I always did."

But it was to be remarked, that uncle Tim contented himself, at this time, with the mere general avowal, without running it into particulars, as was formerly his wont. It was evident that the ice had begun to melt, but it might have been a long time in dissolving, had not collateral incidents assisted.

It so happened that about this time, George Griswold, the only son before referred to, returned to his native village, after having completed his theological studies at a neighboring institution. It is interesting to mark the gradual development of mind and heart, from the time that the white-headed, bashful boy, quits the country village for college, to the period when he returns, a formed and perfect man, to notice how gradually the rust of early prejudices begins to cleave from him—how his opinions, like his hand-

writing, pass from the cramped and limited forms of a country school, into that confirmed and characteristic style which is to mark the man for life. In George, this change was remarkably striking. He was endowed by nature with uncommon acuteness of feeling, and fondness for reflection :—qualities as likely as any, to render a child backward and uninteresting in early life.

When he left Newbury for college, he was a taciturn and apparently phlegmatic boy, only evincing sensibility by blushing, and looking particularly stupefied, whenever any body spoke to him. Vacation after vacation passed, and he returned more and more an altered being ; and he who once shrunk from the eye of the deacon, and was ready to die if he met the minister, now moved about among the dignitaries of the place, with all the composure of a superior being.

It was only to be regretted, that while the mind improved, the physical energies declined, and that every visit to his home, found him paler, thinner, and less prepared in body, for the sacred profession to which he had devoted himself. But now he was returned, a minister—a real minister, with a right to stand in the pulpit and preach ; and what a joy and glory to aunt Sally—and to uncle Tim, if he was not ashamed to own it.

The first Sunday after he came, it was known far and near, that George Griswold was to preach ; and never was a more ready and expectant audience.

As the time for reading the first psalm approached, you might see the white-headed men turning their faces attentively towards the pulpit ; the anxious and expectant old women, with their little black bonnets, bent forward to see him rise. There were the children looking, because every one else looked ; there was uncle Tim in the front pew, his face considerably adjusted ; there was aunt Sally, seeming as pleased as a mother could seem, and Miss Grace lifting her sweet face to her brother, like a flower to the sun ; there was our friend James, in the front gallery, his joyous countenance a little touched with sobriety and expectation—in short, a more embarrassingly attentive audience never greeted the first effort of a young minister. Under these circumstances there was something touching in the fervent self-forgetfulness which characterized the first efforts of the morning—something which moved every one in the house.

The devout poetry of his prayer, rich with the orientalism of scripture, and eloquent with the expression of strong, yet chastened emotion, breathed over his audience like music, hushing every one to silence, and beguiling every one to feeling. In the sermon, there was the strong intellectual nerve, the constant occurrence of argument and statement, which distinguishes a New England discourse ; but it was touched with life, by the intense, yet half-subdued feeling, with which he seemed to utter it. Like the rays of the sun, it enlightened and melted at the same moment.

The strong peculiarities of New England doctrine, involving, as they do, all the dark machinery of mind, all the mystery of its divine relations and future progression, and all the tremendous uncertainties of its eternal good or ill, seemed to have dwelt in his mind, to have burned in his thoughts, to have wrestled with his powers, and they gave to his manner, the fervency, almost, of another world; while the exceeding paleness of his countenance, and a tremulousness of voice that seemed to spring from bodily weakness, touched the strong workings of his mind with a pathetic interest, as if the being so early absorbed in another world, could not be long for this.

When the services were over, the congregation dispersed with the air of people who *felt* rather than *heard*; and all the criticism that followed, was similar to that of deacon Hart—an upright, shrewd man—who, as he lingered a moment at the church door, turned and gazed with unwonted feeling at the young preacher.

“He’s a blessed cretur!” said he, the tears actually making their way to his eyes. “I ha’n’t been so near heaven this many a day. He’s a blessed cretur of the Lord—that’s my mind about him!”

As for our friend James, he was at first sobered, then deeply moved, and at last, wholly absorbed by the discourse; and it was only when meeting was over, that he began to think where he really was.

“Well,” said he, “I never was so sure I had a soul before; I’ll be a different man! I know I will.”

With all his versatile activity, James had a greater depth of mental capacity than he himself was aware of, and he began to feel a sort of electric affinity for a mind that had touched him in a way so new ; and when he saw the mild minister standing at the foot of the pulpit stairs, he made directly towards him.

“ I do want to hear you talk more,” said he, with a face full of earnestness ; “ may I walk home with you.”

“ It’s a long and warm walk,” said the minister, smiling.

“ Oh, I don’t care for that, if it does not trouble *you*,” said James ; and leave being gained, you might have seen them slowly passing along under the trees, James pouring forth all the floods of inquiry which the sudden impulse of his mind had brought out, and supplying his guide with more questions and problems for solution, than he could have gone through with in a month.

“ I cannot answer all your questions now,” said he, as they stopped at uncle Tim’s gate.

“ Well, then, when will you ?” said James, eagerly. “ Let me come home with you to-night.”

The good man smiled assent, and James departed so full of new thoughts, that he passed Grace without even seeing her. From that time a friendship commenced between the two, which was a beautiful illustration of the affinity of opposites. It was like a friendship between morning and evening—all freshness and sunshine on one side, and all gentleness and peace on the other.

The young minister, worn by long-continued ill health, by the fervency of his own feelings, and the gravity of his own reasonings, found pleasure in the healthful buoyancy of a youthful, unexhausted mind, while James felt himself sobered and made better by the moonlight tranquillity of his friend. It is one mark of a superior mind, to understand and be influenced by the superiority of others; and this was the case with James. The ascendancy which his new friend acquired over him was unlimited, and did more in a month towards consolidating and developing his character, than all the four years' course of a college. Our religious habits are likely always to retain the impression of the first seal which stamped them; and in this case it was a peculiarly happy one. The calmness, the settled purpose, the mild devotion of his friend, formed a just alloy to the energetic and reckless buoyancy of James' character, and awakened in him a set of perceptions, without which the most vigorous mind must be incomplete.

The effect of the ministrations of the young pastor, in awaking attention to the subjects of his calling in the village, was marked, and of a kind which brought pleasure to his own heart. But like all other excitement, it tends to exhaustion; and it was not long before he sensibly felt the decline of the powers of life. To the best regulated mind, there is something bitter in the relinquishment of projects for which we have been long and laboriously preparing, and there is something far more bitter in crossing the long-cher-

ished expectations of friends. All this George felt. He could not bear to look on his mother, hanging on his words, and following his steps with eyes of almost childish delight ; on his singular father, whose whole earthly ambition was bound up in his success, and think how soon the " candle of their old age " must be put out. When he returned from a successful effort, it was painful to see the old man so evidently delighted, and so anxious to conceal his triumph, as he would seat himself in his chair, and begin with—

" George, that are doctrine is rather of a puzzler ; but you seem to think you 've got the run on't. I should re'ly like to know what business you have to think you know better than other folks about it ;" and though he would cavil most courageously at all George's explanations, yet you might perceive through all, that he was only uplifted to hear how his boy could talk.

If George was engaged in argument with any one else, he would sit by, with his head bowed down, looking out from under his shaggy eye-brows, with a shame-faced satisfaction very unusual with him. Expressions of affection from the naturally gentle, are not half so touching as those which are forced out from the hard-favored and severe ; and George was affected, even to pain, by the evident pride and regard of his father.

" He never said so much to any body before," thought he ; " and what will he do if I die ?"

In such thoughts as these, Grace found her brother

engaged one still autumn morning, as he stood leaning against the garden fence.

"What are you solemnizing here for this bright day, brother George?" said she, as she bounded down the alley.

The young man turned and looked on her happy face with a sort of twilight smile.

"How *happy* you are, Grace!" said he.

"To be sure I am! and you ought to be too, because you are better."

"I am happy, Grace—that is, I hope I shall be."

"You are sick, I know you are," said Grace; "you look worn out. Oh, I wish your heart could *spring* once as mine does."

"I am not well, dear Grace, and I fear I never shall be," said he, turning away, and fixing his eyes on the fading trees opposite.

"Oh, George! dear George! don't, don't say that; you'll break all our hearts," said Grace, with tears in her own eyes.

"Yes—but it's true, sister. I don't feel it on my own account so much as—— However," he added, "it will all be the same in heaven."

It was but a week after this, that a violent cold hastened the progress of debility into a confirmed malady. He sunk very fast. Aunt Sally, with the self-deceit of a fond and cheerful heart, thought every day that "he *would* be better;" and uncle Tim resisted conviction with all the obstinate pertinacity of his character, while the sick man felt that he had not the heart to undeceive them.

James was now at the house every day, exhausting all his energy and invention in the case of his friend ; and any one who had seen him in his hours of recklessness and glee, could scarcely recognize him as the being whose step was so careful, whose eye so watchful, whose voice and touch were so gentle, as he moved around the sick bed. But the same quickness which makes a mind buoyant in gladness, often makes it gentlest and most sympathetic in sorrow.

It was now nearly morning in the sick room. George had been restless and feverish all night, but towards day he fell into a light slumber, and James sat by his side, almost holding his breath, lest he should waken him. It was yet dusk, but the sky was brightening with a solemn glow, and the stars were beginning to disappear—all, save the bright and morning one, which, standing alone in the east, looked tenderly through the casement, like the eye of our Heavenly Father, watching over us when all earthly friendships are fading.

George awoke with a placid expression of countenance ; and fixing his eyes on the brightening sky, murmured faintly,

“ The sweet immortal morning sheds
Its blushes round the spheres.”

A moment after, a shade passed over his face, he pressed his fingers over his eyes, and the tears dropped silently on his pillow.

“ George ! dear George ! ” said James, bending over him.

"It's my friends—it's my father—my mother," said he faintly.

"Jesus Christ will watch over them," said James, soothingly.

"Oh, yes, I know he will ; for he loved his own, which were in the world ; he loved them unto the end. But—I am dying—and before I have done any good."

"Oh, do not say so," said James ; "think, think what you have done, if only for *me*. God bless you for it ! God *will* bless you for it ; it will follow you to heaven—it will bring me there. Yes, I will do as you have taught me. I will give my life, my soul, my whole strength to it ; and then you will not have lived in vain."

George smiled and looked upward ; "his face was as that of an angel," and James, in his warmth, continued—

"It is not *I* alone who can say this : we all bless you ; every one in this place blesses you ; you will be had in everlasting remembrance by some hearts here, I know."

"Bless *God* !" said George.

"We do," said James. "*I* bless him that I ever knew you ; we *all* bless him, and we love you, and shall forever."

The glow that had kindled over the pale face of the invalid, again faded, as he said—"But, James, I must, I ought to tell my father and mother—I ought to, and how can I?"

At that moment the door opened, and uncle Tim made his appearance. He seemed struck with the paleness of George's face; and coming to the side of the bed, he felt his pulse, and laid his hand anxiously on his forehead, and clearing his voice several times, inquired "if he did n't feel a little better."

"No, father," said George; then taking his hand, he looked anxiously in his face, and seemed to hesitate a moment. "Father," he began, "you know that we ought to submit to God."

There was something in his expression at this moment, which flashed the truth into the old man's mind; he dropped his son's hand with an exclamation of agony, and turning quickly, left the room.

"Father! father!" said Grace, trying to rouse him, as he stood with his arms folded by the kitchen window.

"Get away, child," said he, roughly.

"Father, mother says breakfast is ready."

"I don't want any breakfast," said he, turning short about. "Sally, what are you fixing in that are little porringer?"

"Oh, it's only a little tea for George—'t will comfort him up and make him feel better, poor fellow."

"You wont make him feel better—he's gone," said uncle Tim, hoarsely.

"Oh, dear heart! no!" said aunt Sally.

"Be still a contradicting me; I wont be contradicted all the time by nobody! The short of the case is, that George is goin' to *die* just as we've got him ready to be a minister and all; and I wish to pity

I was in my grave myself, and so,"—said uncle Tim, as he plunged out of the door and shut it after him.

It is well for man that there is one Being who sees the suffering heart *as it is*, and not as it manifests itself through the repellancies of outward infirmity ; and who perhaps feels more for the stern and wayward, than for those whose gentler feelings win for them human sympathy. With all his singularities, there was in the heart of uncle Tim, a depth of religious sincerity ; but there are few characters where religion does any thing more than struggle with natural defect, and modify what would else be far worse.

In this hour of trial, all the native obstinacy and pertinacity of the old man's character rose ; and while he felt the necessity of submission, it seemed impossible to submit ; and thus reproaching himself, struggling in vain to repress the murmurs of nature, repulsing from him all external sympathy, his mind was "tempest-tost, and not comforted."

It was on the still afternoon of the following Sabbath that he was sent for, in haste, to the chamber of his son. He entered, and saw that the hour was come. The family were all there. Grace and James, side by side, bent over the dying one, and his mother sat afar off, with her face hid in her apron, "that she might not see the death of the child." The aged minister was there, and the Bible lay open before him. The father walked to the side of the bed. He stood still and gazed on that face now brightening with "life and immortality." The son lifted up his eyes : he saw his father—smiled,

and put out his hand. "I am glad *you* are come," said he.

"Oh, George—to the pity, do n't! *do n't* smile on me so! I know what is coming—I have tried and tried, and I *can't*—I *can't* have it so"—and the old man sunk by the side of the bed—he covered his face—his frame shook—and he sobbed audibly. The room was still as death—there was none that seemed able to comfort him.

At last, the son repeated in a sweet, but interrupted voice, those words of man's best Friend—"Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions."

"Yes—but I *can't help* being troubled—I suppose the Lord's will must be done—but it'll kill me."

"Oh, father, do n't break my heart," said the son, much agitated. "I shall see you again in heaven, and you shall see me again; and then 'your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.'"

"I never shall get to heaven, if I feel as I do now," said the old man. "I cannot have it so."

The mild face of the sufferer was overcast. "I wish he saw all that *I* do," said he, in a low voice; then looking towards the minister, he articulated—"Pray for us."

They knelt in prayer. It was soothing, as *real* prayer always must be; and when they rose, every one seemed more calm. But the sufferer was exhausted—his countenance changed—he looked on his friends—there was a faint whisper—"Peace I leave with you"—and he was in heaven.

We need not dwell on what followed. The seed sown by the righteous, often blossoms over their grave ; and so was it with this good man ; the words of peace which he spake unto his friends while he was yet with them, came into remembrance after he was gone ; and though he was laid in the grave with many tears, yet it was with softened and submissive hearts.

“The Lord bless him,” said uncle Tim, as he and James were standing, last of all, over the grave. “I believe my heart’s gone to heaven with him ; and I think the Lord really *did* know what was best, after all.”

Our friend James seemed now to become the support of the family ; and the bereaved old man unconsciously began to transfer to him the affections that had been left vacant.

“James,” said he to him one day, “I suppose you know that you are about the same to me as a son.”

“I hope so, uncle Tim,” said James, kindly.

“Well, well, you’ll go to college next week, and none o’ y’r keepin’ school to get along. I’ve got enough to bring you safe out—that is, if you’ll be *car’ful* and *stiddy*.”

James knew the heart too well to refuse a favor in which the poor old man’s mind was comforting itself ; he had the self-command to abstain from any extraordinary expressions of gratitude, but took it kindly, as a matter of course.

“Dear Grace,” said he to her, the last evening

before he left home, "I am changed ; we are both altered, since we first knew each other ; and now I am going to be gone a long time, but I am sure"—

He stopped to arrange his thoughts.

"Yes, you may be sure of all those things that you wish to say, and cannot," said Grace.

"Thank you," said James ; then looking thoughtfully, he added :

"God help me. I believe I have mind enough to be what I mean to ; but whatever I am or have, shall be given to God and my fellow-men ; and then, Grace, your brother in heaven will rejoice over me."

"I believe he does now," said Grace. "God bless you, James ; I don't know what would have become of us, if you had not been here."

"Yes, you will live to be like him, and to do *more* good," she added, her face brightening as she spoke, till James thought that she really *must be* right.

* * * * *

It was five years after this, that James was spoken of as an eloquent and successful minister in the town of C——, and was settled in one of its most influential villages. Late one autumn evening, a tall, bony, hard-favored man was observed making his way into the outskirts of the place.

"Halloo, there !" he called to a man over the other side of a fence ; "what town is this ere ?"

"It 's Farmington, sir."

"Well, I want to know if you know any thing of a boy of mine that lives here ?"

"A boy of yours—who ?"

"Why, I've got a boy here that's livin' *on the town*, and I thought I'd jest look him up."

"I don't know any boy that's livin' on the town; what's his name?"

"Why," said the old man, pushing his hat off from his forehead, "I believe they call him James Benton."

"James Benton! why, that's our minister's name."

"Oh, wal, I believe he *is* the minister, come to think on't. He's a boy o' mine, tho'. Where does he live?"

"In that white house that you see set back from the road there, with all those trees round it."

At this instant, a tall, manly-looking person approached from behind. Have we not seen that face before? It is a touch graver than of old, and its lines have a more thoughtful significance; but all the vivacity of James Benton sparkles in that quick smile, as his eye falls on the old man.

"I *thought* you could not keep away from us long," said he, with the prompt cheerfulness of his boyhood, and laying hold of both uncle Tim's hard hands.

They approached the gate; a bright face glances past the window, and in a moment Grace is at the door.

"Father! dear father!"

"You'd *better* make believe be so glad," said uncle Tim, his eyes glistening as he spoke.

"Come, come, father; I'm used to authority in these days," said Grace, drawing him towards the house; "so no disrespectful speeches—and now I

shall fall upon and seize this great coat, and away with your hat, and then you must sit down in this great chair."

"So, ho! Miss Grace," said uncle Tim, "you are at your old tricks, ordering round as usual. Well, if I must, I must;" so down he sat.

"Father," said Grace, as he was leaving them, after a few days' stay, "it's Thanksgiving day next month, and you and mother *must* come and stay with us."

Accordingly, the following month found aunt Sally and uncle Tim by the minister's fire-side, delighted witnesses of the Thanksgiving presents which a willing people were pouring in; and the next day they had once more the pleasure of seeing a son of theirs in the sacred desk, and hearing a sermon that every body said was the "best he ever preached;" and it is to be remarked, by-the-by, that this was the standing commentary on all James' discourses, so that it was evident that he was "going on unto perfection."

"There's a great deal that's worth havin' in this ere life, a'rter all," said uncle Tim, as he sat musing over the coals of the bright evening fire of that day; "that is, if we'd only *take* it when the Lord lays it in our way."

"Yes," said James, "and let us only take it as *we should*, and this life will be cheerfulness, and the next, *fulness* of joy."

ON A VERY OLD WEDDING RING.

The device—two hearts united.

The motto—“*Dear love of mine, my heart is thine.*”

BY GEORGE W. DOANE.

I LIKE that ring, that ancient ring,
Of massive form and virgin gold,
As firm, as free from base alloy,
As were the sterling hearts of old.
I like it—for it wafts me back,
Far, far along the stream of time,
To other men, and other days—
The men and days of deeds sublime.
But most I like it as it tells
The tale of well requited love ;
How youthful fondness persevered,
And youthful faith disdained to rove ;—
How warmly *he* his suit preferred,
Though *she*, unpitying, long denied,
Till, softened and subdued, at last
He won his fair and blooming bride ;—
How, till the appointed day arrived,
They blamed the lazy-footed hours ;—
How then the white-robed maiden train
Strewed their glad way with freshest flowers ;
And how, before the holy man,
They stood in all their youthful pride,

And spoke those words, and vowed those vows
Which bind the husband to his bride.
All this it tells ;—the plighted troth,
The gift of every earthly thing,
The hand in hand, the heart in heart—
For this I like that ancient ring.
I like its old and quaint device ;
Two blended hearts—though time may wear them,
No mortal change, no mortal chance,
“ Till death,” shall e’er in sunder tear them.
Year after year, ’neath sun and storm,
Their hopes in heaven, their trust in God,
In changeless, heartfelt, holy love,
These two, the world’s rough pathways trod.
Age might impair their youthful fires,
Their strength might fail, ’mid life’s bleak weather,
Still, hand in hand, they travelled on,—
Kind souls ! they slumber now together.
I like its simple posy too ;
“ Mine own dear love, this heart is thine ! ”
Thine, when the dark storm howls along,
As when the cloudless sunbeams shine.
“ This heart is thine, mine own dear love ! ”
Thine, and thine only, and forever ;
Thine, till the springs of life shall fail—
Thine, till the chords of life shall sever
Remnant of days departed long,
Emblem of plighted troth unbroken,
Pledge of devoted faithfulness,
Of heartfelt, holy love, the token—
What varied feelings round it cling !
For these, I like that ancient ring,

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

By N. P. WILLIS.

TICKLER. I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

SHEPHERD. I hae nae objections—for you've not only a sowl for music, sir, but a genius, too, and the twa diuna always gang thegither—mony a man haein' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal primroses, and yet no able to play on ony instrument—on even the flute—let abee the poker and tangs.

Noctes Ambrosiæ.

I AM not known as a lover of music. I seldom praise the player upon an instrument or the singer of a song. I stand aside if I listen, and keep the measure in my heart, without beating it audibly with my foot, or moving my head visibly in a practised abstraction. There are times when I do not listen at all; and it may be that the mood is not on me, or that the spell of it is mastered by beauty, or that I hear a human voice whose very whisper is sweeter than it all. There are some who are said to have a passion for music, and they will turn away at the beginning of a song, though it be only a child's lesson, and leave gazing on an eye that was, perhaps, like shaded water, or the forehead of a beautiful woman, or the lip of a young girl, to listen. I cannot boast that my

love of music is so strong. I confess there are things I know that are often an overcharm, though not always, and I would not give up my slavery to their power, if I might be believed to have gone mad at an opera, or have my "Bravo" the signal for the the applause of a city.

There is unwritten music. The world is full of it. I hear it every hour that I wake, and my waking sense is surpassed sometimes by my sleeping—though that is a mystery. There is no sound of simple nature that is not music. It is all God's work, and so harmony. You may mingle and divide and strengthen the passages of its great anthem, and it is still melody—melody. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness was linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up, and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all—and the dimple of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn. There is no accident of nature's causing which can bring in discord. The loosened rock may fall into the abyss, and the overblown tree rush down through the branches of the wood, and the thunder peal awfully in the sky;—and sudden and violent as these changes seem, their

tumult goes up with the sound of winds and waters, and the exquisite ear of the musician can detect no jar.

I have read somewhere of a custom in the Highlands, which, in connection with the principle it involves, is exceedingly beautiful. It is believed that, to the ear of the dying, (which, just before death, becomes always exquisitely acute,) the perfect harmony of the voices of nature is so ravishing, as to make him forget his suffering, and die gently, like one in a pleasant trance. And so, when the last moment approaches, they take him from close the shieling, and bear him out into the open sky, that he may hear the familiar rushing of the streams. I can believe that it is not superstition. I do not think we know how exquisitely nature's many voices are attuned to harmony, and to each other. The old philosopher we read of might not have been dreaming when he discovered that the order of the sky was like a scroll of written music, and that two stars, (which are said to have appeared centuries after his death in the very places he mentioned,) were wanting to complete the harmony. We know how wonderful are the phenomena of color ; how strangely like consummate art the strongest dyes are blended in the plumage of birds, and in the cups of flowers ; so that, to the practised eye of the painter, the harmony is inimitably perfect. It is natural to suppose every part of the universe equally perfect ; and it is a glorious and elevating thought, that the stars of heaven are moving on continually to music, and that the sounds we daily

listen to are but a part of a melody that reaches to the very centre of God's illimitable spheres.

It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the day time of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground, and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think, when I was a child, that it was fairy music. If you have been used to rising early, you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature—the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines—but what a world of music does the sun shine on!—the deep lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language! And then, if your ear is delicate, you have minded how all these sounds grew softer and sweeter, as the exhalations of dew floated up, and the vibrations loosened in the thin air.

You should go out some morning in June, and listen to the notes of the birds. They express, far more than our own, the characters of their owners. From the scream of the vulture and the eagle, to the low brooding of the dove, they are all modified by their habits of support, and their consequent disposi-

tions. With the small birds, the voice seems to be but an outpouring of gladness; and it is pleasant to see that without one articulate word it is so sweet a gift to them. It seems a necessary vent to their joy of existence, and I believe in my heart that a dumb bird would die of its imprisoned fulness.

Nature seems never so utterly still to me as in the depth of a summer afternoon. The heat has driven in the birds, and the leaves hang motionless in the trees, and no creature has the heart, in that faint sultriness, to utter a sound. The snake sleeps on the rock, and the frog lies breathing in the pool, and even the murmur that is heard at night is inaudible, for the herbage droops beneath the sun, and the seed has no strength to burst its covering. The world is still, and the pulses beat languidly. It is a time for sleep.

But if you would hear one of nature's most various and delicate harmonies, lie down in the edge of the wood when the evening breeze begins to stir, and listen to its coming. It touches first the silver foliage of the birch, and the slightly hung leaves, at its merest breath, will lift and rustle like a thousand tiny wings; and then it creeps up to the tall fir, and the fine tassels send out a sound like a low whisper; and as the oak feels its influence, the thick leaves stir heavily, and a deep tone comes sullenly out like the echo of a far-off bassoon. They are all wind-harps of different power; and as the breeze strengthens and sweeps equally over them all, their united harmony has a wonderful grandeur and beauty.

Then what is more soothing than the dropping of

the rain? You should have slept in a garret to know how it can lull and bring dreams. How I have lain, when a boy, and listened to the fitful patter of the large drops upon the roof, and held my breath as it grew fainter and fainter, till it ceased utterly, and I heard nothing but the rushing of the strong gust and the rattling of the panes. I used to say over my prayers, and think of the apples I had stolen, then! But were you ever out fishing upon a lake in a smart shower? It is like the playing of musical glasses. The drops ring out with a clear bell-like tinkle, following each other sometimes so closely that it resembles the winding of a distant horn; and then, in the momentary intervals, the bursting of the thousand tiny bubbles comes stealthily on your ear, more like the recollection of a sound than a distinct murmur. Not that I fish. I was ever a milky-hearted boy, and had a foolish notion that there was pain in the restless death of those panting and beautiful creatures; but I loved to go out with the old men when the day set in with rain, and lie dreamily over the gunwale listening to the changes of which I have spoken. It had a quieting effect on my temper, and stilled for a while the uneasiness of that vague longing that is like a fever at a boy's heart.

There is a melancholy music in autumn. The leaves float sadly about with a look of peculiar desolateness, wavering capriciously in the wind, and falling with a just audible sound that is a very sigh for its sadness. And then, when the breeze is fresher—though the early autumn months are mostly still—they

are swept on with a cheerless rustle over the naked harvest fields, and about in the eddies of the blast ; and though I have sometimes, in the glow of exercise, felt my life securer in the triumph of the brave contrast, yet in the chill of evening, or when any sickness of mind or body was on me, the moaning of those withered leaves has pressed down my heart like a sorrow, and the cheerful fire and the voices of my many sisters might scarce remove it.

Then, for the music of winter, I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is an unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost, too, has a melodious "ministry." You will hear its crystals shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moonbeams were splintering like arrows on the ground ; and you listen to it the more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. God has hidden its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a knowledge for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "morning stars sang together."

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of the early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist, and, when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like ear-ring jewels between the filaments of the cedar tassels and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlocks, and if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind, they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of the calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the lightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour, you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the round, hard drops ring out clearly and distinctly, as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more fitful and merrier; but to one who goes out in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and, in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful.

Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under their frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with the swell of the current, and falls again to the bank with a prolonged echo, and the woodman's axe

rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best, however, but melancholy sounds, and, like all that meets the eye in that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordered in God's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of the sweet summer. Its music and its loveliness win away the senses that link up the affections, and we need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sounds of irrational and inanimate nature. A better than these, and the best music under heaven, is the music of the human voice. I doubt whether all voices are not capable of it, though there must be degrees in it as in beauty. The tones of affection in all children are sweet, and we know not how much their unpleasantness in after life may be the effect of sin and coarseness, and the consequent habitual expression of discordant passions. But we do know that the voice of any human being becomes touching by distress, and that even on the coarse minded and the low, religion and the higher passions of the world have sometimes so wrought, that their eloquence was like the strong passages of an organ. I have been much about in the world, and with a boy's unrest and a peculiar thirst for novel sensations, have mingled for a time in every walk of life ; yet never have I known man or woman under the influence of any strong feeling that was not utterly degraded, whose voice did not deepen to a

chord of grandeur, or soften to cadences to which a harp might have been swept pleasantly. It is a perfect instrument as it comes from the hand of its Maker, and though its strings may relax with the atmosphere, or be injured by misuse and neglect, it is always capable of being re-strung to its compass till its frame is shattered.

Men have seldom musical voices. Whether it is that their passions are coarser, or that their life of caution and reserve shuts up the kindliness from which it would spring, a pleasant masculine voice is one of the rarest gifts of our sex. Whenever you do meet it, however, it is always accompanied either by noble qualities, or by that peculiar capacity for understanding all character, which Goethe calls a "presentiment of the universe," and which enables its possessor, without a spark of a generous nature himself, to know perfectly what it is in others, and to deceive the world by assuming all its accompaniments and all its outward evidence. I speak now, and throughout these remarks, only of the conversational tone. A man may sing never so well, and still speak execrably; and I rarely have known a person who conversed musically to sing even a tolerable song.

A good tone is generally the gift of a gentleman; for it is always low and deep, and the vulgar never possess the serenity and composure from which it alone can spring. They are always busy and hurried, and a high sharp tone becomes habitual.

There is nothing like a sweet voice to win upon the confidence. It is the secret of the otherwise unac-

countable success of some men in society. They never talk for more than one to hear, and to that one, if a woman and attractive, it is a most dangerous because unsuspected spell ; and every one knows how the voice softens instinctively with the knowledge that but one ear listens, and that it is addressed without witnesses to one who cannot stand aside from herself and separate the enchanter from his music. It is an insidious and beguiling power, and I have seen men, who, without any pretensions to dignity or imposing address, would arrest attention the moment their voices were heard, and who, if they leaned over to murmur in a woman's ear, were certain of pleasing, though the remark were the very idlest common-place of conversation.

A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman. I do not think I can describe it. It can be, and sometimes is, cultivated. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but it is oftener the gift of the quiet and unobtrusive. Loudness or rapidity of utterance is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural, deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops of water from a fountain. It is like the brooding of a dove—not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with the subdued and touching *reediness* which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman. I should be won by it more than by beauty—more, even, than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feeling, and

of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes utterance. I remember listening in the midst of a crowd, many years ago, to the voice of a girl—a mere child of sixteen summers, till I was bewildered. She was a pure, high-hearted, impassioned creature, without the least knowledge of the world or her peculiar gift, but her own thoughts had wrought upon her like the hush of a sanctuary, and she spoke low, as if with an unconscious awe. I could never trifle in her presence. My nonsense seemed out of place, and my practised assurance forsook me utterly. She is changed now. She has been admired and found out her beauty, and the music of her tone is gone! She will recover it by and by, when the delirium of the world is over, and she begins to rely once more upon her own thoughts for company; but her extravagant spirits have broken over the thrilling timidity of childhood, and the charm is unwound.

The music of church bells has become a matter of poetry. Thomas Moore, (whose mere sense of beauty is making him religious, and who knows better than any other man what is beautiful,) has sung “those evening bells,” in some of the most melodious of his elaborate stanzas. I remember, though somewhat imperfectly, a touching story connected with the church bells of a town in Italy, which had become famous all over Europe for their peculiar solemnity and sweetness. They were made by a young Italian artizan, and were his heart’s pride. During the war the place was sacked, and the bells carried off, no

one knew whither. After the tumult was over, the poor fellow returned to his work, but it had been the solace of his life to wander about at evening, and listen to the chime of his bells, and he grew dispirited and sick, and pined for them till he could no longer bear it, and left his home, determined to wander over the world, and hear them once again before he died. He went from land to land, stopping in every village, till the hope that alone sustained him began to falter, and he knew at last that he was dying. He lay one evening in a boat that was slowly floating down the Rhine, almost insensible, and scarce expecting to see the sun rise again, that was now setting gloriously over the vine-covered hills of Germany. Presently, the vesper bells of a distant village began to ring, and, as the chimes stole faintly over the river with the evening breeze, he started from his lethargy. He was not mistaken. It was the deep, solemn, heavenly music of his own bells, and the sounds that he had thirsted for years to hear, were melting over the water. He leaned from the boat, with his ear close to the calm surface of the river, and listened. They rung out their hymn and ceased—and he still lay motionless in his painful posture. His companions spoke to him, but he gave no answer—his spirit had followed the last sound of the vesper chime.

There is something exceedingly impressive in the breaking in of church bells on the stillness of the Sabbath. I doubt whether it is not more so in the heart of a populous city than any where else. The presence of any single, strong feeling, in the midst of

a great people, has something of awfulness in it which exceeds even the impressiveness of nature's breathless Sabbath. I know few things more imposing than to walk the streets of a city when the peal of the early bells is just beginning. The deserted pavements, the closed windows of the places of business, the decent gravity of the solitary passenger, and, over all, the feeling in your own bosom that the fear of God is brooding like a great shadow over the thousand human beings who are sitting still in their dwellings around you, were enough, if there were no other circumstance, to hush the heart into a religious fear. But when the bells peal out suddenly with a summons to the temple of God, and their echoes roll on through the desolate streets, and are unanswered by the sound of any human voice, or the din of any human occupation, the effect has sometimes seemed to me more solemn than the near thunder.

Far more beautiful, and perhaps quite as salutary as a religious influence, is the sound of a distant Sabbath bell in the country. It comes floating over the hills like the going abroad of a spirit; and as the leaves stir with its vibrations, and the drops of dew tremble in the cups of the flowers, you could almost believe that there was a Sabbath in nature, and that the dumb works of God rendered visible worship for his goodness. The effect of nature alone is purifying, and its thousand evidences of wisdom are too eloquent of their Maker not to act as a continual lesson; but combined with the instilled piety of childhood, and the knowledge of the inviolable holiness of the time,

the mellow cadences of a church bell give to the hush of the country Sabbath, a holiness to which only a desperate heart could be insensible.

Yet, after all, whose ear was ever "filled with hearing," or whose "eye with seeing?" Full as the world is of music—crowded as life is with beauty which surpasses, in its mysterious workmanship, our wildest dream of faculty and skill—gorgeous as is the overhung and ample sky, and deep and universal as the harmonies are which are wandering perpetually in the atmosphere of this spacious and beautiful world—who has ever heard music and not felt a capacity for better, or seen beauty, or grandeur, or delicate cunning, without a feeling in his inmost soul of unreached and unsatisfied conceptions? I have gazed on the dazzling loveliness of woman, till the value of my whole existence seemed pressed into that one moment of sight; and I have listened to music till my tears came, and my brain swam dizzily—yet when I turned away I wished that the beauty of the woman had been perfecter, and my lips parted at the intensest ravishment of that dying music, with an impatient feeling that its spell was unfinished. I used to wonder when I was a boy how Socrates knew that this world was not enough for his capacities, and that his soul therefore was immortal. It is no marvel to me now.

THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST.

BY EPES SARGENT.

WE will not deplore them, the days that are past ;
The gloom of misfortune is over them cast ;
They are lengthened by sorrow and sullied by care ;
Their griefs were too many, their joys were too rare ;
Yet now that their shadows are on us no more,
Let us welcome the prospect that brightens before !

We have cherished fair hopes, we have plotted brave
schemes,
We have lived till we find them illusive as dreams ;
Wealth has melted like snow that is grasped in the hand,
And the steps we have climbed have departed like sand ;
Yet shall we despond while of health unbereft,
And honor, bright honor, and freedom are left ?

Oh ! shall we despond, while the pages of time
Yet open before us their records sublime !
While ennobled by treasures more precious than gold,
We can walk with the martyrs and heroes of old ;
While humanity whispers such truths in the ear,
As it softens the heart like sweet music to hear ?

Oh ! shall we despond, while with vision still free,
We can gaze on the sky and the earth and the sea ;
While the sunshine can waken a burst of delight,
And the stars are a joy and a glory by night :
While each harmony running through nature can raise
In our spirits the impulse of gladness and praise ?

Oh ! let us no longer then vainly lament
Over scenes that are faded, and days that are spent ;
But by faith unforsaken, unawed by mischance,
On hope's waving banner still fixed be our glance ;
And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future, and not to the past !

THE SEA.

BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

“THE sea is his, and he made it.” Its beauty is of God. It possesses it, in richness, of its own ; it borrows it from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows, as they go sailing and sweeping by. The rainbow laves in it its many colored feet. The sun loves to visit it, and the moon, and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars ; for they delight themselves in its beauty. The sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire ; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver, where they dance to and fro, with the breeze and the waves, through the livelong night. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft and sparkling light, rivalling the stars ; and often does the ship which cuts its surface, leave streaming behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining dimly above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and it unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of men, and gran-

deur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of its loveliness is from the waters, where it dwells and rests, singing its spells, and scattering its charms on all the coast. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those which are washed by the chafing sea? What groves, and fields, and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea.

If we could see the great ocean as it can be seen by no mortal eye, beholding at one view what we are now obliged to visit in detail and spot by spot; if we could, from a flight far higher than the sea eagle's, and with a sight more keen and comprehensive than his, view the immense surface of the deep all spread out beneath us like a universal chart, what an infinite variety such a scene would display! Here a storm would be raging, the thunder bursting, the waters boiling, and rain and foam and fire all mingling together; and here next to this scene of magnificent confusion, we should see the bright blue waves glittering in the sun, and while the brisk breezes flew over them, clapping their hands for very gladness—for they do clap their hands, and justify by the life, and almost individual animation which they exhibit, that remarkable figure of the Psalmist. Here, again, on this self same ocean, we should behold large tracts where there was neither tempest nor breeze, but a dead calm, breathless, noiseless, and, were it not for that swell of the sea which never rests, motionless. Here we should see a cluster of green islands, set like

jewels, in the midst of its bosom ; and there we should see broad shoals and gray rocks, fretting the billows, and threatening the mariner. “ There go the ships,” the white robed ships, some on this course, and others on the opposite one, some just approaching the shore, and some just leaving it ; some in fleets, and others in solitude ; some swinging lazily in a calm, and some driven and tossed, and perhaps overwhelmed by the storm ; some for traffic, and some for state, and some in peace, and others, alas ! in war. Let us follow one, and we should see it propelled by the steady wind of the tropics, and inhaling the almost visible odors which diffuse themselves around the spice islands of the East ; let us observe the track of another, and we should behold it piercing the cold barriers of the North, struggling among hills and fields of ice, contending with Winter in his own everlasting dominion, striving to touch that unattained, solemn, hermit point of the globe, where ships may perhaps never visit, and where the foot of man, all daring and indefatigable as it is, may never tread. Nor are the ships of man the only travellers whom we shall perceive on this mighty map of the ocean. Flocks of sea birds are passing and repassing, diving for their food, or for pastime, migrating from shore to shore with unwearied wings and undeviating instinct, or wheeling and swarming round the rocks which they make alive and vocal by their numbers and their clanging cries.

How various, how animated, how full of interest is

the survey! We might behold such a scene, were we enabled to behold it, at almost any moment of time on the vast and varied ocean; and it would be a much more diversified and beautiful one; for I have spoken but of a few particulars, and of those but slightly. I have not spoken of the thousand forms in which the sea meets the shore, of the sands and the cliffs, of the arches and grottos, of the cities and the solitudes, which occur in the beautiful irregularity of its outline; nor of the constant tides, nor the boiling whirlpools and eddies, nor the currents and streams, which are dispersed throughout its surface. The variety of the sea, notwithstanding the uniformity of its substance, is ever changing and endless.

“The sea is his, and he made it.” And when he made it, he ordained that it should be the element and dwelling place of multitudes of living beings, and the treasury of many riches. How populous and wealthy and bounteous are the depths of the sea! How many are the tribes which find in them abundant sustenance, and furnish abundant sustenance to man. The whale roams through the deep like its lord; but he is forced to surrender his vast bulk to the use of man. The lesser tribes of the finny race have each their peculiar habits and haunts, but they are found out by the ingenuity of man, and turned to his own purposes. The line and the hook and the net are dropped and spread to delude them, and bring them up from the watery chambers where they were roving in conscious security. How strange it is that the

warm food which comes upon our tables, and the substances which furnish our streets and dwellings with cheerful light, should be drawn up from the cold and dark recesses of the sea.

We shall behold new wonders and riches when we investigate the sea-shore. We shall find both beauty for the eye and food for the body, in the varieties of shell fish, which adhere in myriads to the rocks, or form their close dark burrows in the sands. In some parts of the world we shall see those houses of stone, which the little coral insect rears up with patient industry from the bottom of the waters, till they grow into formidable rocks, and broad forests, whose branches never wave, and whose leaves never fall. In other parts we shall see those "pale glistening pearls" which adorn the crowns of princes, and are woven in the hair of beauty, extorted by the restless grasp of man from the hidden stores of ocean. And, spread round every coast, there are beds of flowers and thickets of plants, which the dew does not nourish, and which man has not sown, nor cultivated, nor reaped; but which seem to belong to the floods alone, and the denizens of the floods, until they are thrown up by the surges, and we discover that even the dead spoils of the fields of ocean may fertilize and enrich the fields of earth. They have a life, and a nourishment, and an economy of their own, and we know little of them, except that they are there in their briny nurseries, reared up into luxuriance by what would kill, like a mortal poison, the plants of the land.

“There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.

There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.”

We must not omit to consider the utility of the sea; its utility, I mean, not only as it furnishes a dwelling and sustenance to an infinite variety and number of inhabitants, and an important part of the support of man, but in its more general relations to the whole globe of the world. It cools the air for us in summer, and warms it in winter. It is probable that the very composition of the atmosphere is beneficially affected by combining with the particles which it takes up from the ocean; but, however this may be, there is little or no doubt, that were it not for the immense face of waters with which the atmosphere comes in contact, it would be hardly respirable for the dwellers on the earth. Then, again, it affords an easier, and, on the whole, perhaps a safer medium of communication and conveyance between nation and nation, than can be found, for equal distances, on the land. It is also an effectual barrier between nations, preserving to a great degree the weak from invasion and the virtuous from contamination. In many other respects it is no doubt useful to the great whole, though in how many we are not qualified to judge. What we do see is abundant testimony of the

wisdom and goodness of him who in the beginning "gathered the waters together unto one place."

There is mystery in the sea. There is mystery in its depths. It is unfathomed, and perhaps unfathomable. Who can tell, who shall know, how near its pits run down to the central core of the world? Who can tell what wells, what fountains are there, to which the fountains of the earth are in comparison but drops? Who shall say whence the ocean derives those inexhaustible supplies of salt, which so impregnates its waters, that all the rivers of the earth, pouring into it from the time of the creation, have not been able to freshen them? What undescribed monsters, what unimaginable shapes, may be roving in the profoundest places of the sea, never seeking, and perhaps from their nature unable to seek, the upper waters, and expose themselves to the gaze of man! What glittering riches, what heaps of gold, what stores of gems, there must be scattered in lavish profusion on the ocean's lowest bed! What spoils from all climates, what works of art from all lands, have been ingulfed by the insatiable and reckless waves! Who shall go down to examine and reclaim this uncounted and idle wealth? Who bears the keys of the deep?

And oh! yet more affecting to the heart and mysterious to the mind, what companies of human beings are locked up in that wide, weltering, unsearchable grave of the sea! Where are the bodies of those lost ones, over whom the melancholy waves alone have been chanting requiem? What shrouds were

wrapped round the limbs of beauty, and of manhood, and of placid infancy, when they were laid on the dark floor of that secret tomb? Where are the bones, the relics of the brave and the fearful, the good and the bad, the parent, the child, the wife, the husband, the brother, and sister, and lover, which have been tossed and scattered and buried by the washing, wasting, wandering sea? The journeying winds may sigh, as year after year they pass over their beds. The solitary rain cloud may weep in darkness over the mingled remains which lie strewn in that unwonted cemetery. But who shall tell the bereaved to what spot their affections may cling? And where shall human tears be shed throughout that solemn sepulchre? It is mystery all. When shall it be resolved? Who shall find it out? Who, but he to whom the wildest waves listen reverently, and to whom all nature bows; he who shall one day speak, and be heard in ocean's profoundest caves; to whom the deep, even the lowest deep, shall give up all its dead, when the sun shall sicken, and the earth and the isles shall languish, and the heavens be rolled together like a scroll, and there shall be "no more sea."

THE VILLAGER'S WINTER EVENING SONG.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Not a leaf on the tree,—not a bud in the hollow,
Where late swung the blue-bell, and blossomed the rose ;
And hushed is the cry of the swift-darting swallow,
That circled the lake in the twilight's dim close.

Gone, gone are the woodbine and sweet-scented brier,
That bloomed o'er the hillock and gladdened the vale ;
And the vine that uplifted its green pointed spire,
Hangs drooping and sere on the frost covered pale.

And hark to the gush of the deep welling fountain,
That prattled and shone in the light of the moon ;
Soon, soon shall its rushing be still on the mountain,
And locked up in silence its frolicksome tune.

Then heap up the hearth-stone with dry forest branches,
And gather about me, my children, in glee ;
For cold on the upland the stormy wind launches,
And dear is the home of my loved ones to me.

HOWE'S MASQUERADE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ONE afternoon, last summer, while walking along Washington street, my eye was attracted by a sign-board protruding over a narrow arch-way, nearly opposite the Old South Church. The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the "OLD PROVINCE HOUSE, kept by Thomas Waite." I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston, into a small and secluded court-yard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three stories high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the Old South. The figure has kept the attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good deacon Drowne, a cunning carver of wood, first sta-

tioned him on his long sentinel's watch over the city. The Province House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light colored paint. A flight of red free-stone steps, fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron, ascends from the court-yard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade of similar pattern and workmanship to that beneath. These letters and figures—16 P. S. 79—are wrought into the iron work of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door with double leaves admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room.

It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient governors held their levees, with vice-regal pomp, surrounded by the military men, the counsellors, the judges, and other officers of the crown, while all the loyalty of the province thronged to do them honor. But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast even of faded magnificence. The panelled wainscot is covered with dingy paint, and acquires a duskier hue from the deep shadow into which the Province House is thrown by the brick block that shuts it in from Washington street. A ray of sunshine never visits this apartment any more than the glare of the festal torches, which have been extinguished from the era of the revolution. The most venerable and ornamental object, is a chimney-piece set round with Dutch tiles of blue-figured China, representing scenes

from Scripture ; and, for aught I know, the lady of Pownall or Bernard may have sate beside this fire-place, and told her children the story of each blue tile. A bar in modern style, well replenished with decanters, bottles, cigar-boxes, and net-work bags of lemons, and provided with a beer-pump and a soda-fount, extends along one side of the room. At my entrance, an elderly person was smacking his lips, with a zest which satisfied me that the cellars of the Province House still hold good liquor, though doubtless of other vintages than were quaffed by the old governors. After sipping a glass of port-sangaree, prepared by the skilful hands of Mr. Thomas Waite, I besought that worthy successor and representative of so many historic personages to conduct me over their time-honored mansion.

He readily complied ; but, to confess the truth, I was forced to draw strenuously upon my imagination, in order to find aught that was interesting in a house which, without its historic associations, would have seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favored by the custom of decent city boarders, and old fashioned country gentlemen. The chambers, which were probably spacious in former times, are now cut up by partitions, and subdivided into little nooks, each affording scanty room for the narrow bed, and chair, and dressing table, of a single lodger. The great staircase, however, may be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad

steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower stories, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gouty shoes of many a governor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, Gage may have beheld his disastrous victory on Bunker Hill, (unless one of the tri-mountains intervened,) and Howe have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings, since erected in the vicinity, have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the Old South, which seems almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I paused in the garret to observe the ponderous white-oak frame-work, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion, are still as sound as ever; but the floors and other interior parts being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole, and build a new house within the ancient frame and brick work. Among other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned

that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it.

We stepped forth from the great front window into the balcony, where, in old times, it was doubtless the custom of the king's representative to show himself to a loyal populace, requiting their huzzas and tossed-up hats with stately bendings of his dignified person. In those days, the front of the Province House looked upon the street ; and the whole site now occupied by the brick range of stores, as well as the present courtyard, was laid out in grass plats, overshadowed by trees and bordered by a wrought iron fence. Now, the old aristocratic edifice hides its time-worn visage behind an upstart modern building ; at one of the back windows I observed some pretty tailoresses, sewing, and chatting, and laughing, with now and then a careless glance towards the balcony. Descending thence, we again entered the bar-room, where the elderly gentleman above mentioned, the smack of whose lips had spoken so favorably for Mr. Waite's good liquor, was still lounging in his chair. He seemed to be, if not a lodger, at least a familiar visitor of that house, who might be supposed to have his regular score at the bar, his summer seat at the open window, and his prescriptive corner at the winter's fireside. Being of a sociable aspect, I ventured to address him with a remark, calculated to draw forth his historical reminiscences, if any such were in his mind ; and it gratified me to discover, that, between memory and

tradition, the old gentleman was really possessed of some very pleasant gossip about the Province House. The portion of his talk which chiefly interested me, was the outline of the following legend. He professed to have received it at one or two removes from an eye-witness ; but this derivation, together with the lapse of time, must have afforded opportunities for many variations of the narrative ; so that, despairing of literal and absolute truth, I have not scrupled to make such further changes as seemed conducive to the reader's profit and delight.

At one of the entertainments given at the Province House, during the latter part of the siege of Boston, there passed a scene which has never yet been satisfactorily explained. The officers of the British army, and the loyal gentry of the province, most of whom were collected within the beleagured town, had been invited to a masqued ball ; for it was the policy of Sir William Howe to hide the distress and danger of the period, and the desperate aspect of the siege, under an ostentation of festivity. The spectacle of this evening, if the oldest members of the provincial court circle might be believed, was the most gay and gorgeous affair that had occurred in the annals of the government. The brilliantly lighted apartments were thronged with figures that seemed to have stepped from the dark canvass of historic portraits, or to have flitted forth from the magic pages of romance, or at least to have flown hither from one of the London

theatres, without a change of garments. Steeled knights of the Conquest, bearded statesmen of Queen Elizabeth, and high-ruffled ladies of her court, were mingled with characters of comedy, such as a parti-colored Merry Andrew, jingling his cap and bells ; a swag-paunched Falstaffe, almost as provocative of laughter as his prototype, and a Don Quixote, with a bean-pole for a lance, and a pot-lid for a shield.

But the broadest merriment was excited by a group of figures ridiculously dressed in old regimentals, which seemed to have been purchased at a military rag-fair, or pilfered from some receptacle of the cast-off clothes of both the French and British armies. Portions of their attire had probably been worn at the siege of Louisburg, and the coats of most recent cut might have been rent and tattered by sword, ball, or bayonet, as long ago as Wolfe's victory. One of these worthies—a tall, lank figure, brandishing a rusty sword of immense longitude—purported to be no less a personage than General George Washington ; and the other principal officers of the American army, such as Gates, Lee, Putnam, Schuyler, Ward and Heath, were represented by similar scare-crows. An interview in the mock heroic style, between the rebel warriors and the British commander-in-chief, was received with immense applause, which came loudest of all from the loyalists of the colony. There was one of the guests, however, who stood apart, eyeing these antics sternly and scornfully, at once with a frown and a bitter smile.

It was an old man, formerly of high station and great repute in the province, and who had been a very famous soldier in his day. Some surprise had been expressed, that a person of Colonel Joliffe's known whig principles, though now too old to take an active part in the contest, should have remained in Boston during the siege, and especially that he should consent to show himself in the mansion of Sir William Howe. But thither he had come, with a fair grand-daughter under his arm; and there, amid all the mirth and buffoonery, stood this stern old figure, the best sustained character in the masquerade, because so well representing the antique spirit of his native land. The other guests affirmed that Colonel Joliffe's black puritanical scowl threw a shadow round about him; although in spite of his sombre influence, their gaiety continued to blaze higher, like—(an ominous comparison)—the flickering brilliancy of a lamp which has but a little while to burn. Eleven strokes, full half an hour ago, had pealed from the clock of the Old South, when a rumor was circulated among the company, that some new spectacle or pageant was about to be exhibited, which should put a fitting close to the splendid festivities of the night.

“What new jest has your Excellency in hand?” asked the Reverend Mather Byles, whose Presbyterian scruples had not kept him from the entertainment. “Trust me, sir, I have already laughed more than beseems my cloth, at your Homeric confabulation with yonder ragamuffin General of the rebels. One

other such fit of merriment, and I must throw off my clerical wig and band."

"Not so, good Doctor Byles," answered Sir William Howe; "if mirth were a crime, you had never gained your doctorate in divinity. As to this new foolery, I know no more about it than yourself; perhaps not so much. Honestly now, Doctor, have you not stirred up the sober brains of some of your countrymen to enact a scene in our masquerade?"

"Perhaps," slyly remarked the grand-daughter of Colonel Joliffe, whose high spirit had been stung by many taunts against New England—"perhaps we are to have a masque of allegorical figures. Victory, with trophies from Lexington and Bunker Hill. Plenty, with her overflowing horn, to typify the present abundance in this good town—and Glory, with a wreath for his Excellency's brow."

Sir William Howe smiled at words which he would have answered with one of his darkest frowns, had they been uttered by lips that wore a beard. He was spared the necessity of a retort, by a singular interruption. A sound of music was heard without the house, as if proceeding from a full band of military instruments stationed in the street, playing not such a festal strain as was suited to the occasion; but a slow funeral march. The drums appeared to be muffled, and the trumpets poured forth a wailing breath, which at once hushed the merriment of the auditors, filling all with wonder, and some with apprehension. The idea occurred to many, that either the funeral proces-

sion of some great personage had halted in front of the Province House, or that a corpse, in a velvet-covered and gorgeously decorated coffin, was about to be borne from the portal. After listening a moment, Sir William Howe called, in a stern voice, to the leader of the musicians, who had hitherto enlivened the entertainment with gay and lightsome melodies. The man was drum-major to one of the British regiments.

"Dighton," demanded the General, "what means this foolery? Bid your band silence that dead march—or, by my word, they shall have sufficient cause for their lugubrious strains! Silence it, sirrah!"

"Please your honor," answered the drum-major, whose rubicund visage had lost all its color, "the fault is none of mine. I and my band are all here together; and I question whether there be a man of us that could play that march without book. I never heard it but once before, and that was at the funeral of his late Majesty, King George the Second."

"Well, well!" said Sir William Howe, recovering his composure—"it is the prelude to some masquerading antic. Let it pass."

A figure now presented itself, but among the many fantastic masks that were dispersed through the apartments, none could tell precisely from whence it came. It was a man in an old fashioned dress of black serge, and having the aspect of a steward, or principal domestic in the household of a nobleman, or great English landholder. This figure advanced to the

outer door of the mansion, and throwing both its leaves wide open, withdrew a little to one side and looked back towards the grand staircase, as if expecting some person to descend. At the same time, the music in the street sounded a loud and doleful summons. The eyes of Sir William Howe and his guests being directed to the staircase, there appeared, on the uppermost landing-place that was discernible from the bottom, several personages descending towards the door. The foremost was a man of stern visage, wearing a steeple-crowned hat and a skull-cap beneath it; a dark cloak, and huge wrinkled boots that came half way up his legs. Under his arm was a rolled-up banner, which seemed to be the banner of England, but strangely rent and torn; he had a sword in his right hand, and grasped a Bible in his left. The next figure was of milder aspect, yet full of dignity, wearing a broad ruff, over which descended a beard, a gown of wrought velvet, and a doublet and hose of black satin. He carried a roll of manuscript in his hand. Close behind these two, came a young man of very striking countenance and demeanor, with deep thought and contemplation on his brow, and perhaps a flash of enthusiasm in his eye. His garb, like that of his predecessors, was of an antique fashion, and there was a stain of blood upon his ruff. In the same group with these, were three or four others, all men of dignity and evident command, and bearing themselves like personages who were accustomed to the gaze of the multitude. It was the idea of the beholders, that

these figures went to join the mysterious funeral that had halted in front of the Province House ; yet that supposition seemed to be contradicted by the air of triumph with which they waved their hands, as they crossed the threshold and vanished through the portal.

“ In the devil’s name, what is this ? ” muttered Sir William Howe to a gentleman beside him ; “ a procession of the regicide judges of King Charles the martyr ? ”

“ These,” said Colonel Joliffe, breaking silence almost for the first time that evening—“ these, if I interpret them aright, are the Puritan governors—the rulers of the old, original Democracy of Massachusetts. Endicott, with the banner from which he had torn the symbol of subjection, and Winthrop, and Sir Henry Vane, and Dudley, Haynes, Bellingham, and Leverett.”

“ Why had that young man a stain of blood upon his ruff ? ” asked Miss Joliffe.

“ Because, in after years,” answered her grandfather, “ he laid down the wisest head in England upon the block, for the principles of liberty.”

“ Will not your Excellency order out the guard ? ” whispered Lord Percy, who, with other British officers, had now assembled round the General. “ There may be a plot under this mummary.”

“ Tush ! we have nothing to fear,” carelessly replied Sir William Howe. “ There can be no worse treason in the matter than a jest, and that somewhat of the dullest. Even were it a sharp and

bitter one, our best policy would be to laugh it off. See—here come more of these gentry.”

Another group of characters had now partly descended the staircase. The first was a venerable and white-headed patriarch, who cautiously felt his way downward with a staff. Treading hastily behind him, and stretching forth his gauntleted hand as if to grasp the old man's shoulder, came a tall, soldier-like figure, equipped with a plumed cap of steel, a bright breast-plate, and a long sword, which rattled against the stairs. Next was seen a stout man, dressed in rich and courtly attire, but not of courtly demeanor; his gait had the swinging motion of a seaman's walk; and chancing to stumble on the staircase, he suddenly grew wrathful, and was heard to mutter an oath. He was followed by a noble-looking personage in a curled wig, such as are represented in the portraits of Queen Anne's time and earlier; and the breast of his coat was decorated with an embroidered star. While advancing to the door, he bowed to the right hand and to the left, in a very gracious and insinuating style; but as he crossed the threshold, unlike the early Puritan governors, he seemed to wring his hands with sorrow.

“Prithee, play the part of a chorus, good Doctor Byles,” said Sir William Howe. “What worthies are these?”

“If it please your Excellency, they lived somewhat before my day,” answered the doctor; “but doubtless our friend, the Colonel, has been hand and glove with them.”

“Their living faces I never looked upon,” said Colonel Joliffe, gravely; “although I have spoken face to face with many rulers of this land, and shall greet yet another with an old man’s blessing, ere I die. But we talk of these figures. I take the venerable patriarch to be Bradstreet, the last of the Puritans, who was governor at ninety, or thereabouts. The next is Sir Edmund Andros, a tyrant, as any New England school-boy will tell you; and therefore the people cast him down from his high seat into a dungeon. Then comes Sir William Phips, shepherd, cooper, sea-captain, and governor—may many of his countrymen rise as high, from as low an origin! Lastly, you saw the gracious Earl of Bellamont, who ruled us under King William.”

“But what is the meaning of it all?” asked Lord Percy.

“Now, were I a rebel,” said Miss Joliffe, half aloud, “I might fancy that the ghosts of these ancient governors had been summoned to fain the funeral procession of royal authority in New England.”

Several other gentlemen were now seen at the turn of the staircase. The one in advance had a thoughtful, anxious, and somewhat crafty expression of face; and in spite of his loftiness of manner, which was evidently the result both of an ambitious spirit and of long continuance in high stations, he seemed not incapable of cringing to a greater than himself. A few steps behind came an officer in a scarlet and embroidered uniform, cut in a fashion old enough to have

been worn by the Duke of Marlborough. His nose had a rubicund tinge, which, together with the twinkle of his eye, might have marked him as a lover of the wine cup and good fellowship; notwithstanding which tokens, he appeared ill at ease, and often glanced around him, as if apprehensive of some secret mischief. Next came a portly gentleman, wearing a coat of shaggy cloth, lined with silken velvet; he had sense, shrewdness, and humor in his face, and a folio volume under his arm; but his aspect was that of a man vexed and tormented beyond all patience, and harassed almost to death. He went hastily down, and was followed by a dignified person, dressed in a purple velvet suit, with very rich embroidery; his demeanor would have possessed much stateliness, only that a grievous fit of the gout compelled him to hobble from stair to stair, with contortions of face and body. When Doctor Byles beheld this figure on the staircase, he shivered as with an ague, but continued to watch him steadfastly, until the gouty gentleman had reached the threshold, made a gesture of anguish and despair, and vanished into the outer gloom, whither the funeral music summoned him.

“Governor Belcher!—my old patron!—in his very shape and dress!” gasped Doctor Byles. “This is an awful mockery!”

“A tedious foolery, rather,” said Sir William Howe, with an air of indifference. “But who were the three that preceded him?”

“Governor Dudley, a cunning politician—yet his

craft once brought him to a prison," replied Colonel Joliffe. "Governor Shute, formerly a Colonel under Marlborough, and whom the people frightened out of the province; and learned Governor Burnet, whom the legislature tormented into a mortal fever."

"Methinks they were miserable men, these royal governors of Massachusetts," observed Miss Joliffe. "Heavens, how dim the light grows!"

It was certainly a fact that the large lamp which illuminated the staircase, now burned dim and duskily: so that several figures, which passed hastily down the stairs and went forth from the porch, appeared rather like shadows than persons of fleshly substance. Sir William Howe and his guests stood at the doors of the contiguous apartments, watching the progress of this singular pageant, with various emotions of anger, contempt, or half acknowledged fear, but still with an anxious curiosity. The shapes, which now seemed hastening to join the mysterious procession, were recognized rather by striking peculiarities of dress, or broad characteristics of manner, than by any perceptible resemblance of features to their prototypes. Their faces, indeed, were invariably kept in deep shadow. But Doctor Byles, and other gentlemen who had long been familiar with the successive rulers of the province, were heard to whisper the names of Shirley, of Pownall, of Sir Francis Bernard, and of the well remembered Hutchinson; thereby confessing that the actors, whoever they might be, in this spectral march of governors, had succeeded in

putting on some distant portraiture of the real personages. As they vanished from the door, still did these shadows toss their arms into the gloom of night, with a dread expression of wo. Following the mimic representative of Hutchinson, came a military figure, holding before his face the cocked hat which he had taken from his powdered head; but his epaulettes and other insignia of rank were those of a general officer; and something in his mien reminded the beholders of one who had recently been master of the Province House, and chief of all the land.

"The shape of Gage, as true as in a looking glass," exclaimed Lord Percy, turning pale.

"No, surely," cried Miss Joliffe, laughing hysterically; "it could not be Gage, or Sir William would have greeted his old comrade in arms! Perhaps he will not suffer the next to pass unchallenged."

"Of that be assured, young lady," answered Sir William Howe, fixing his eyes, with a very marked expression, upon the immovable visage of her grandfather. "I have long enough delayed to pay the ceremonies of a host to these departing guests. The next that takes his leave shall receive due courtesy."

A wild and dreary burst of music came through the open door. It seemed as if the procession, which had been gradually filling up its ranks, were now about to move, and that this loud peal of the wailing trumpets, and roll of the muffled drums, were a call to some loiterer to make haste. Many eyes, by an irresistible impulse, were turned upon Sir William Howe, as if

it were he whom the dreary music summoned to the funeral of departed power.

“ See !—here comes the last ! ” whispered Miss Joliffe, pointing her tremulous finger to the staircase.

A figure had come into view as if descending the stairs ; although so dusky was the region whence it emerged, some of the spectators fancied that they had seen this human shape suddenly moulding itself amid the gloom. Downward the figure came, with a stately and martial tread, and reaching the lowest stair was observed to be a tall man, booted and wrapped in a military cloak, which was drawn up around the face so as to meet the flapped brim of a laced hat. The features, therefore, were completely hidden. But the British officers deemed that they had seen that military cloak before, and even recognized the frayed embroidery on the collar, as well as the gilded scabbard of a sword which protruded from the folds of the cloak, and glittered in a vivid gleam of light. Apart from these trifling particulars there were characteristics of gait and bearing which impelled the wondering guests to glance from the shrouded figure to Sir William Howe, as if to satisfy themselves that their host had not suddenly vanished from the midst of them. With a dark flush of wrath upon his brow, they saw the General draw his sword and advance to meet the figure in the cloak before the latter had stepped one pace upon the floor.

“ Villain, unmuffle yourself ! ” cried he. “ You pass no further ! ”

The figure, without blenching a hair's breadth from the sword which was pointed at his breast, made a solemn pause and lowered the cape of the cloak from about his face, yet not sufficiently for the spectators to catch a glimpse of it. But Sir William Howe had evidently seen enough. The sternness of his countenance gave place to a look of wild amazement, if not horror, while he recoiled several steps from the figure, and let fall his sword upon the floor. The martial shape again drew the cloak about his features and passed on ; but reaching the threshold, with his back towards the spectators, he was seen to stamp his foot and shake his clenched hands in the air. It was afterwards affirmed that Sir William Howe had repeated that self-same gesture of rage and sorrow, when, for the last time, and as the last royal governor, he passed through the portal of the Province House.

“ Hark !—the procession moves,” said Miss Joliffe.

The music was dying away along the street, and its dismal strains were mingled with the knell of midnight from the steeple of the Old South, and with the roar of artillery, which announced that the beleaguering army of Washington had intrenched itself upon a nearer height than before. As the deep boom of the cannon smote upon his ear, Colonel Joliffe raised himself to the full height of his aged form, and smiled sternly on the British General.

“ Would your Excellency inquire further into the mystery of the pageant ? ” said he.

“Take care of your gray head!” cried Sir William Howe, fiercely, though with a quivering lip. “It has stood too long on a traitor’s shoulders!”

“You must make haste to chop it off, then,” calmly replied the Colonel; “for a few hours longer, and not all the power of Sir William Howe, nor of his master, shall cause one of these gray hairs to fall. The empire of Britain, in this ancient province, is at its last gasp to-night;—almost while I speak, it is a dead corpse;—and methinks the shadows of the old governors are fit mourners at its funeral!”

With these words Colonel Joliffe threw on his cloak, and drawing his grand-daughter’s arm within his own, retired from the last festival that a British ruler ever held in the old province of Massachusetts Bay. It was supposed that the Colonel and the young lady possessed some secret intelligence in regard to the mysterious pageant of that night. However this might be, such knowledge has never become general. The actors in the scene have vanished into deeper obscurity than even that wild Indian band who scattered the cargoes of the tea ships on the waves, and gained a place in history, yet left no names. But superstition, among other legends of this mansion, repeats the wondrous tale, that on the anniversary night of Britain’s discomfiture, the ghosts of the ancient governors of Massachusetts still glide through the portal of the Province House. And, last of all, comes a figure shrouded in a military cloak, tossing his clenched hands into the air, and stamping his iron-

shod boots upon the broad free-stone steps, with a semblance of feverish despair, but without the sound of a foot-tramp.

When the truth-telling accents of the elderly gentleman were hushed, I drew a long breath and looked round the room, striving, with the best energy of my imagination, to throw a tinge of romance and historic grandeur over the realities of the scene. But my nostrils snuffed up a scent of cigar smoke, clouds of which the narrator had emitted by way of visible emblem, I suppose, of the nebulous obscurity of his tale. Moreover, my gorgeous fantasies were wofully disturbed by the rattling of the spoon in a tumbler of whiskey punch, which Mr. Thomas Waite was mingling for a customer. Nor did it add to the picturesque appearance of the pannelled walls, that the slate of the Brooklyn stage was suspended against them, instead of the armorial escutcheon of some far-descended governor. A stage-driver sat at one of the windows, reading a penny paper of the day—the Boston Times—and presenting a figure which could nowise be brought into any picture of “Times in Boston,” seventy or a hundred years ago. On the window seat lay a bundle, neatly done up in brown paper, the direction of which I had the idle curiosity to read. “Miss SUSAN HUGGINS, at the PROVINCE HOUSE.” A pretty chamber-maid, no doubt. In truth, it is desperately hard work, when we attempt to throw the spell of hoar antiquity over localities

with which the living world, and the day that is passing over us, have aught to do. Yet, as I glanced at the stately staircase, down which the procession of the old governors had descended, and as I emerged through the venerable portal, whence their figures had preceded me, it gladdened me to be conscious of a thrill of awe. Then diving through the narrow archway, a few strides transported me into the densest throng of Washington street.

SACHEM'S HILL.

This is a little hill, on the shore, in the town of Quincy. It is shaped like an arrow-head, as its original name, *Masentusett*, in the Indian language, signifies ; *Mas* meaning arrow-head, and *Entusett*, hill. From this spot Boston and its vicinity, from the Blue Hills to the rocks of Nahant, rise upon the view like a panorama. It was the abode of the Sachem when the English first arrived. He was a friendly old man, and sold them corn and land. Soon after their arrival, an epidemic appeared among his tribe ; and, in a short time, nothing was left of them but the few remains that are still found of their simple implements of war and agriculture ; and the name of this little hill, which some suppose, with a slight alteration, was given to this State.

BY ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

HERE, from this little hillock, in days long since gone by,
Glanced over hill and valley the Sachem's eagle eye ;
His were the pathless forests, and his the hills so blue,
And on the restless ocean danced only his canoe.

Here stood the aged chieftain, rejoicing in his glory ;
How deep the shade of sadness that rests upon his story !
For the white man came with power ; like brethren
they met ;
But the Indian fires went out, and the Indian sun has set.

And the chieftain has departed ; gone is his hunting
ground ;
And the twanging of his bow-string is a forgotten sound.

Where dwelleth yesterday ? and where is echo's cell ?
Where has the rainbow vanished ?—there does the Indian dwell.

But in the land of spirits the Indian has a place,
And there, 'midst saints and angels, he sees his Maker's face :

There from all earthly passions his heart may be refined,
And the mists that once enshrouded, be lifted from his mind.

And should his free-born spirit descend again to earth,
And here, unseen, revisit the spot that gave him birth,
Would not his altered nature rejoice with rapture high,
At the changed and glorious prospect that now would meet his eye ?

Where nodded pathless forests, there now are stately domes ;

Where hungry wolves were prowling, are quiet, happy homes ;

Where rose the savage war-whoop, is heard sweet village bells,

And many a gleaming spire, of faith in Jesus tells.

And he feels his soul is changed—'tis there a vision glows

Of more surpassing beauty than earthly scenes disclose ;
For the heart that felt revenge, with boundless love is filled.

And the restless tide of passion to a holy calm is stilled.

Here to my mental vision the Indian chief appears,
And all my eager questions fancy believes he hears.
Oh speak ! thou unseen being, and the mighty secrets
 tell
Of the land of deathless glories, where the departed
 dwell.

I cannot dread a spirit—for I would gladly see
The veil uplifted round us, and know that such things be.
The things we see are fleeting, like summer flowers
 decay—
The things unseen are real, and do not pass away.

The friends we love so dearly smile on us, and are gone,
And all is silent in their place, and we are left alone ;
But the joy “ that passeth show,” and the love no arm
 can sever,
And all the treasures of their souls, shall be with us
 forever.

LIFE IN SWEDEN.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LIFE in Sweden is for the most part patriarchal. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over this Northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream. Anon you come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened for you by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass. You sneeze, and they cry, God bless you. The houses in the villages and smaller cities are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife

shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible ; and brings you her heavy silver spoons—an heirloom—wherewith to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before ; or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, and perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front, a leathern wallet, wherein they carry tobacco, and the great bank-note of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or city-ward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the road-side, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church ; and a little sexton, with a great rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the church-yard are a few flowers, and much green grass ; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, thus representing an index of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps

sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings ; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died ; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in ; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, How quietly they rest, all the departed !

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of

these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I must describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as Olof Olofsson, our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of blue-bottles or corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the Spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians, all blowing and drumming and fifeing away like mad. Then comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with meat and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance

of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribands and evergreens ; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a brave salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd ; provisions are brought from the wagon of the sumpter horse, and after eating and drinking and loud hurrahs, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. How many are you ? asks the bride's father. At least three hundred, is the answer ; and to this the host replies, Yes, were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome ; and in token thereof receive this cup. Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale ; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre thereof, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist ; and around her neck strings of gilded beads, and a gilded chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair ; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed

upon the ground. O thou good soul ! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart ! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich ; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee ! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones—I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave.

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible ; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy go round between the courses, and here and there a pipe smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table ; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to

break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed ; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off ; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave ; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the sudden changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one ;—no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-colored leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day ; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel-shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night.

The colors come and go ; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword ; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw ; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed ! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls ; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come ! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder ; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and

* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night ; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness ! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday ! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight ! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime ; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice thus chanteth he—

Ho ! watchman, ho !
Twelve is the clock !
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand !
Twelve is the clock !

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long ; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

TO MY MOTHER IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

MOTHER ! six summer suns have flown
Since thou and I have met ;
And though this heart has wept alone,
It never could forget
The happy hours of infancy,
The hours unknown to care—
When sheltered in a mother's love
It fondly nestled there.

Mother ! I well remember thou
Wouldst smile upon thy boy ;
And warmly on his childish brow,
Imprint the kiss of joy.
I wondered why my gladness then
Was changed to sudden fear,
When on my glowing cheek I felt
The traces of a tear.

And memory lingers at the hour
When, leaving all my play,
I sought her presence, from whose smiles
I was not wont to stray.

I was my mother's boy I knew,
Yet was I much to blame ?
For pleasure of the heart like this,
The world has not a name.

I slept—but thou couldst not, for oft
My sleep, unquiet, told
Of sickness stealing o'er my frame,
And midnight saw thee hold
Thy child within thy wearied arms,
Whilst thou, to nature true,
Wouldst soothe my frequent pain with all
A mother's love could do.

Long years have wandered by since then,
And I have sped my way
Far from New England's hills, where I
First hailed the laughing day ;
Yet, Mother ! truant thought returns
And lingers oft with thee ;
Hast thou not, O my Mother, yet
A blessing left for me !

Thou art not what thou wast, for age
Has silvered o'er thy hair ;
Thy eye is dim, thy cheek is pale—
Time sets his signet there ;
Yet dearer, dearer to this heart,
Thy reverend hoary head,
My Mother ! than the auburn locks
That youth upon thee shed.

How could it fail to touch my heart
With filial thought, when I
Knew it was care for me that paled
Thy cheek, and dimmed thy eye ?
Yes, eloquent the tender glance
That thou dost turn on me ;
Dimly, yet kindly—in that look,
How much of love I see !

Be it my lot to smooth the way,
Before thy pilgrim feet ;
And cause the heart that yearned for me,
Long, long with hope to beat.
Be it my lot to pillow where
Thou seek'st thy last repose ;
One little flower shall mark the spot—
The simple church-yard rose.

THE PREACHING OF WHITEFIELD.

BY MRS. CHILD.

THERE was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man, which would lead you to suppose that a Felix could tremble before him. “He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark blue eyes small and lively : in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them ; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled, both in melody and compass ; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action, which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite for an orator.” To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing ; but, as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of every thing around him, he

seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence ; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house. Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate ; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view ;—but it is gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud ? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days, we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly that will gather before the throne ; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate ; whether you were supremely devoted to God ; whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Oh,

what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am 'lost.

“ You, oh false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that you have done many things; that you have read much in the sacred word; that you have made long prayers; that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?

“ And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot pillowed and cushioned around him.”

His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

“ Oh, sinners!” he exclaimed, “ by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. “ See there!” said

he, pointing to the lightning which played on the corner of the pulpit—" 'T is a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. "It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger!"

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The effect was astonishing. Even Somerville shaded his eyes when he pointed to the lightning, and knelt as he listened to the approaching thunder; while the deep sensibility of Grace, and the thoughtless vivacity of Lucretia, yielded to the powerful excitement in an unrestrained burst of tears. "Who could resist such eloquence?" said Lucretia, as they mingled with the departing throng.

GATHERING OF THE FAIRIES.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

'T WAS midsummer's eve, and the stars were dim,
For the fays had stolen their lamps away
To fill the moon, till her silver brim
Ran over with light, in their jocund play;
And over the earth, wherever it went,
It spread like a smile upon beauty's lips,
When fancy-free, and no clouds eclipse
Her bosom's unmarbled firmament.
And heavenly sylphs from the milky way,
With spangled garments of snowy whiteness,
Flooded the skies with their brilliant eyes,
And dashed the moon with a clearer brightness.
For all of heaven and all of earth,
Of the holy sylphs and the potent fays,
Were called to revel with dance and mirth,
On midsummer's eve in the festal blaze,

With the glad hurra and the loud halloo,
They heard the whip-poor-will's evening cry,
And thousands were sporting with drops of dew,
They chased as they fell from the evening sky;
Some dancing the rope which the spider threw
From bush to bush and from tree to tree,

Or riding the murmuring honey-bee ;
For they stormed the hive where the workers slept,
In festoons from their waxen walls,
And laughed aloud as the queen bee wept
At their mischievous pranks in her luscious halls ;
They sipped the sweets from her choicest cells,
And pilfered the bee-bread garnered there ;
And when they had emptied the nectar wells,
They whipped the drones till their bones were bare ;
But they promised, before the morning's sun,
To make amends for the mischief done.

Then one sprang up on the queen bee's back,
And spurred her sides with a nettle sting,
And away she went with a bounding spring,
With a myriad tribe in her airy track,
Each with a fay and a honey sack.
'T was a restless time to the weary bees,
And every insect that builds by day,
Whether it lived in the thick-leaved trees,
Or couched in the moss where the cold snake lay ;
For some ran down in the red ant's cave,
And beat their slaves and milked their kine,
Then ranged themselves with their fair and brave,
And ate their viands and drank their wine ;
While many a jest rang out aloud,
About the giants that roam the earth,
Their certain death and their helpless birth.—
The red ant's palace was in a shroud !

Others have gathered a fragrant store
Of the damask rose, which they quickly bring

To the Teasel's dewy reservoir,
And with feathers brushed from the butterfly's wing,
They skim the atter that floats above,
Each drop a gift to a fairy love.
Some are decked out in Violet leaves,
Powdered all over with dust of Fern,
Their mantle the web which the spider weaves,
With batons they stole from the Lily's urn ;
And they march to the sound of the brown ant's drum,
Musquito's trumpet, and beetle's hum,
Rousing the leaves from their vesper fold,
And waking the slumbering Marigold.
Now the bat, from his hiding hole,
Wheels through the air on fluttering pinions,
The beetle soars from his labored mole,
And Paddock calls, in drowsy dole,
That the fairy-queen comes to her earth's dominions.

And first, in garments of living green,
Like sea-weed heaving to reach the shore,
A numberless crowd of elves are seen,
On fire-flies riding, like knights of yore ;
Briar-stings were the spears they bore,
Their bridles the thatch of the silk-worm's shed,
Their fleecy plumes from the white-moth's wing,
And down they came where the moonbeam spread
Its shadowless light on a Violet bed,
Gayly around it hovering.

“The queen ! the queen !”—and a band appeared
In courtly dresses of richest dyes ;
While a troop of fays on the moonbeams neared,

Clad in a thousand fantasies :
Some in the Protea's golden leaves,
That waved and dashed like a flaming sea ;
Others were dressed from the Silver-tree,
Fastened with threads the silk-worm weaves ;
The Hyacinth came in a virgin dress,
The Jonquil brought her fragrant flower,
And sweet Narcissus, for the hour,
Gave up his mirrored loveliness.
The broad Carnation spread her leaf,
And Amyrillis, with a bell
Brimful of fragrance, deigned to swell
The arbor of the fairy-chief.
A Nautilus shell was her palanquin,
And there the fair Titania sat,
Fairer than all who are formed to win,
And still unwon, to be wondered at ;
The car was lashed to a vampyre's back,
That was doomed to atone for a deed of blood,
To skim the air and to swim the flood,
And bear all day the sunbeam's rack,
To fly no more in the moon's free ray,
Till the crime of murder were washed away,

WESTWARD MOVEMENT OF CIVILIZATION.

BY J. L. MOTLEY.

DECIDEDLY one of the most interesting points in the past history of the United States, is the striking illustration it has afforded of the great law of civilization, its movement from east to west. It was a direct and startling demonstration of the truth which history has long labored to indicate. The land upon which the sun of civilization first rose, we know not with certainty ; but as far back as our vision can extend, we behold it shining upon the most eastern limits of the eastern hemisphere. Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome, we behold successively lighted up, as the majestic orb rolls over them ; and as he advances still farther through his storied and mysterious zodiac, we behold the shadows of evening as surely stealing upon the lands which he leaves behind him. Rome falls before the adventurous and destructive Goth ; and for a moment the world seems darkened ; but vast causes, new materials, conflicting elements, are silently at work to produce order out of apparent chaos, through the long eclipse of the dark ages ; and when light is again

restored, behold the radiance which we first worshipped on the shores of the Indian ocean, has at last reached and illumined the whole coast of the Atlantic, while the westernmost states of Europe are rejoicing in its beams. Here it would seem the sun's course was finished. The law which has hitherto visibly governed his career, must be reversed; the world's western limit has been reached, and either his setting is at hand, or he must roll backward through his orbit. But it is not so. Just as we were about to doubt the universality of the law, which we believed indubitably and historically established, the world swings open upon its hinges, and reveals another world beyond the ocean, as vast and perfect as itself. America starts into existence, the long forgotten dream of the ancients is revived and realized, and the world's history is rounded into as complete a circle as its physical conformation.

We have said that the exemplification of the westward march of culture was the most striking feature in the history of America. Connected with this, however, and hardly of less importance, is the illustration which it affords us of the manner in which the civilization of the world has been successively entrusted to distinct races. Throwing out at once all disquisition concerning the great races which have regularly made their appearance and accomplished their mission in past ages, we turn our attention simply to the great race of the present time. This is, indubitably, the Anglo-Saxon race. We assume this without argu-

ment, because we believe that none of our readers will be desirous of holding us to the proof.

The Anglo-Saxon—like all great races—is of a composite origin; and its materials would almost seem to have been carefully selected with the view of producing a breed of singular energy, endurance and power. The Saxon hardihood, the Norman fire, the Teutonic phlegm, had long ago been moulded, one would deem, for some great purpose, into one grand national stock; and to this race, when it had attained the fulness and perfection of its strength, was the conquest of America entrusted.

The original colonization of this country by the English, and the present system of internal colonization successfully prosecuted within the United States from east to west, form a striking counterpart to the Gothic invasion of the Roman Empire, in the fifth century. The one was the irruption of barbarism upon an ancient civilization; the other, the triumph of civilization over an ancient barbarism. Each was, in a great degree, the work of the same race, and it would truly seem that the barbarian has begun to pay the debt which he has owed to humanity since the destruction of the Western Empire. The civilized Goths, whose mission is now to contend with and humanize the wilderness of America, are the descendants of those Goths who for a time annihilated the ancient civilization of Europe; and the task of destruction which they so successfully accomplished, and which resulted, after all, in a great benefit to the

human race, differed no less in its general nature from their present occupation, than did the instruments, by which it was effected, differ from those by which the conquest of America is in the course of accomplishment.

The Roman state retained, in appearance, the same gigantic proportions which belonged to it, when it sat enthroned upon the whole civilized world. It was a vast but a hollow shell; outwardly imposing, but inwardly rotten to the core, and with the first stroke of the sword of Alaric, it crumbled into dust. The Goth was but the embodiment of the doom which had long impended over the empire of the Cæsars. He was but the appointed actor in the last scene of that historic destiny which had ruled the state since Romulus first watched the vulture's flight from the Palatine.

For purposes, inscrutable then probably, but plain enough to every human intelligence at the present day, the civilization of Europe, after having reached and passed the highest possible point of refinement, was for the time annihilated. The Goth destroyed, but he did not rebuild. Beneath the foot print of the barbarian's war-horse, the grass withered and never revived. It was but a type of the utter exhaustion of the soil; and after the tempest had lain waste every vestige of the extraordinary culture which had, as it were, drained and impoverished the land, it lay fallow for ages before it was again susceptible of cultivation.

The colonization of America was exactly the reverse of the picture. The race that had destroyed now came forward to civilize and humanize. The Goth of the fifth century, whose courser's hoof crushed every flower in his track, reappears in the seventeenth with his hand upon the ploughshare, and cities spring up like corn-blades in every furrow which he traces through the wilderness. His task is but just begun. He has but entered upon his sublimer mission ; and it is to be expected that as many centuries as elapsed before the old world was ripened for his destroying scythe, are again to be told before he is to enjoy the perfected fruits of his present labors.

A FABLE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

SAID a shower to the sunshine, as they met upon the
breast

Of a silver-winged cloud that was sailing to the west,
“ Back, brazen-faced intruder ! retain your proper
sphere ;

What hath the haughty smile of Heaven to do with
Nature’s tear ? ”

She weeps ! Fond Nature weeps to see her blooming
children lie,

Half withered ’neath the beams of fire that dazzle from
your eye.

The blushing petals of the rose—the vestal lily-bell,
Have felt your baleful influence, and shrink beneath
your spell.

From them, and from the myriad blooms that spring
’neath summer skies,

I heard within my cool, soft home, a chorus sweet arise—
A chorus of faint voices, as if the flower-sylphs lay,
Sighing their last, warm, balmy breath, in that low
prayer away.

They sang—" Oh ! sportive cloudlet ! that floatest
gaily by,
Like a white dove, with breast of down, and wings of
silver dye,
Unfurl those gleaming pinions swift, and shake from
every plume
Its liquid wealth, to cool our brows and wake our rich
perfume !"

" The cloud has heard, and sent me forth to do my
mission sweet ;
Back to your radiant throne of light, nor stay my flash-
ing feet !"
" Nay, shower," said the sunshine, with a witching
smile of love,
" Do not quarrel with the play-fellow that 's sent you
from above !

" See ! I have wreathed your dwelling with a chain of
glowing gold,
And shed a gleam of glory into every snowy fold.
An angel bade me hasten here, your cloud-bark to illume,
And seek, with you, the blossoms that are withering in
their bloom.

" Let us go to earth together ! I will not harm the
flowers ;
I will but smile upon them, while you plash amid their
bowers.
They'll tremble at your chilly touch, and droop the
blooming brow,
If the sunshine do not warm them with its light and
loving glow."

Then the shower kissed the sunshine, and in beautiful
embrace
They lighted where the lily-bell looked down in virgin
grace,
And lo! beneath that pure caress, as softly they de-
scended,
A vision hung 'twixt heaven and earth—a rainbow pure
and splendid,
As if the rose and violet—the tulip and blue-bell,
Had lent their loveliest hues to air, where bright the
vision fell.

O thou who mournest hopes decayed, like blossoms in
their bloom,
Scorn not the heavenly comforter, that comes to cheer
thy gloom.
Let earthly Sorrow blend her tears with pure Religion's
smile,
So shall a glorious rainbow dawn upon thy path the
while.

Faith's soft, celestial blue shall smile by Hope's unfad-
ing rose,
While Peace, in sunny, golden light, beside them shall
repose.
They shall wreathe thy way with beauty, and when
earthly ties are riven,
Thy soul shall make that brilliant bridge its pathway
into heaven.

SELF-CULTURE.

BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

SELF-CULTURE is Practical, or it proposes as one of its chief ends to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and to fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger and trial. But passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading

presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn, that neither man, woman nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the

glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions and moral expression ! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature ? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished ; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand ; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large, may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered ; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say ; the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit ;

when it images to us pure and gentle affections ; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite ; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes ; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature ; and I name this, that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself ; but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cypher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social

rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles ; nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

WRITTEN AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

BY ANDREWS NORTON.

THE rain is o'er—how dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie !
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the dark blue sky !

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing ; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale ;
The wind blows cool ; the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich cloud's voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below a while,
Then turn and bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene
Its floating veil of mist is flung ;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—
 Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,
 Luxuriant, lovely, as she came
 Fresh in her youth from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
 Which sounds from all below, above ;
 She calls her children to rejoice,
 And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low born care
 And all the train of mean desire,
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,
 And mid the living light expire.

CURIOSITY BAFFLED.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

THE Historical Romance or Novel has acquired a celebrity, which puts down all cavil against the principles of that species of composition. It is not only now admitted to be no crime to mingle the creations of the Fancy with the details of History ; but as the great duke of Marlborough said, he owed his acquaintance with English history to the plays of Shakspeare ; so we have no doubt many persons, if they would confess the truth, would acknowledge a like obligation to the romances of Scott. We appeal to our fair readers, whether they have not learned as much of Roman antiquities from *Corinna* as from *Nardini*, or *Vasi* ; and if they were questioned on the partition of Poland, whether they should cite *Dohm's Denkwürdigkeiten* or *Thaddeus of Warsaw*.

We see no reason why the historical Tale should not be in as good repute as the historical Novel. A single incident may often, in proportion, bear an illustration, as well as a revolution or a war ; and when thus brought to the general notice, leave a valuable lesson on the mind. So necessary, in truth, is it, to

set off the dry matter of fact, by the additions of the fancy, that, perhaps, such a thing as a story-teller, who adhered throughout his narrative to the literal truth, was never heard of. Like actors on the stage, who require rouge to prevent their looking unduly pale and ghastly—a story is thought tame, which is not set off with some ornament beyond the dry record of the occurrence. In fact, in the language of the nursery, (which is not seldom truer to nature than that of advanced life,) a story and a fib are synonymous terms.

We make these remarks by way of introduction to a narrative, which is well known to be substantially true. We have been compelled to add a few circumstances, not wilfully, and with malice prepense, to depart from historical accuracy, but to fill up the outline of the fact, which is all that has descended to us. In Peale's great skeleton of the Mammoth, the top of the cranium is wood, and some of the ribs are of leather. And why? To deceive the public? to palm off pine and cowhide for genuine fossil bones? By no means; but because, as the animal must have had some top to his head, and the ordinary complement of ribs, and as these parts of his anatomy could not be recovered, it was necessary to supply them, by the best substitutes, in order to exhibit, in their natural place and to good advantage, those parts actually preserved. So with our tale. We believe we may venture to pledge ourselves, that the main part of it is true; and as to the rest, we can only say that it

might have been true ; that something took place at the same time and place, which probably was much of the same kind ; and if it interests the reader and is not against good morals, it is no great matter, in the present case, whether it is true or not.

Brook Watson was born of humble parentage, in the province of Maine, and in that part of it more appropriately known as Sagadahoc. History has not conveyed to us the incidents of his childhood. As he met with extraordinary success in life, we presume he was pretty soundly drubbed by the school-master and the older boys. He probably ran about bare-footed in summer, and in winter, wore old woollen stockings, with the feet cut off, under the name of leggins, to keep out snow-water. We imagine he got on the rafts of the lumber-men, and learned to swim by being knocked off, as a mischief-maker, into the river. We think it likely he occasionally set up, of a moonshiny night, to watch the bears, as they came down to reconnoitre the pig-stye ; and we have little doubt that, before he was eleven years old, he had gone cabin-boy to Jamaica, with a cargo of pine boards and timber. But of all this we know nothing. It is enough for our story, that, at the age of twenty, Brook Watson was a stout, athletic young man, sailing out of the port of New York to the West Indies.

The yankees knew the way to the West Indies a good while ago ; they knew more ways than one. Their coasting vessels knew the way without quadrant or Practical Navigator. Their skippers kept their

reckoning with chalk on a shingle, which they stowed away in the binnacle ; and, by way of observation, they held up a hand to the sun. When they got him over four fingers, they knew they were straight for the Hole-in-the-wall ; three fingers gave them their course to the Double-headed-shot Keys, and two carried them down to Barbadoes. This was one way ; and when the Monsieurs and the Dons at Martinico and the Havana heard the old New England drums thumping away under the very teeth of their batteries, they understood to their cost, that the yankees had another way of working their passage. But Brook Watson went to the Havana in the way of trade. He went as second mate of the Royal Consort, a fine top-sail schooner of one hundred and fifteen tons ; and whether he had any personal venture in the mules, butter, cheese, codfish and shooks, which she took out, is more than history has recorded.

Captain Basil Hall says the Americans are too apt to talk about the weather. But in the tropics, in the month of July, aboard a small ship, without a breath stirring, Captain, it *is* hot ;—you have been a sailor yourself, and you ought to know it. It was very hot on board the Royal Consort, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of July, 1755. There was not the slightest movement in the air ; the rays of the sun seemed to burn down into the water. Silence took hold of the animated creation. It was too hot to talk, whistle or sing ; to bark, to crow or to bray. Every thing crept under cover, but Sambo and Cuffee, two

fine looking blacks, who sat sunning themselves on the quay, and thought "him berry pleasant weather," and glistened like a new Bristol bottle.

Brook Watson was fond of the water ; he was not web-footed, nor was he branchioustegous, (there's for you, see Noah Webster ;) but were he asked whether he felt most at home on land or in the water, he would have found it hard to tell. He had probably swum the Kennebeck, where it is as wide and deep as the Hellespont between Sestos and Abydos, at least once a day, for five months in the year, ever since he was eleven years old, without Lord Byron's precaution of a boat in company, to pick him up in case of need. As his Lordship seemed desirous of imitating Leander, honesty ought, we think, to have suggested to him to go without the boat. At all events, that was Brook Watson's way ; and we have no doubt, had he been in a boat, with a head wind, he would have sprung into the river, in order to get across the sooner. With this taste for the water, and with the weather so oppressive as we have described it on the present occasion, it is not to be wondered at, that Brook Watson should have turned his thoughts for refreshment to a change of element ; in other words, that he should have resolved to bathe himself in the sea.

Such was the fact. About six o'clock in the afternoon, and when every other being on board the vessel had crept away into the cabin or the forecastle, to enjoy a *siesta*, Brook, who had been sweltering, and panting, and thinking of the banks of the Kennebeck,

till his stout gay heart felt like a great ball of lead within him, tripped up on deck, dropped his loose clothing, and in an instant was over the side of the vessel. This was Brook's first voyage to the West Indies since he had grown up ; and the first day after his arrival. He was one of that class of mankind not bred up to books ; and consequently in the way of learning wisdom only by experience. What you learn by experience, you learn pretty thoroughly, but, at the same time, occasionally much to your cost. Thus by chopping off a couple of fingers with a broad axe, you learn, by experience, not to play with edge-tools. Brook Watson's experience in bathing had hitherto been confined to the Kennebeck—a noble, broad, civil stream, harboring nothing within its gentle waters more terrible than a porpoise. The sea-serpent had not yet appeared. Brook Watson had certainly heard of sharks, but at the moment of forming the resolution to bathe, it had entirely escaped his mind, if it had ever entered it, that the West India seas were full of them ; and so over he went, with a fearless plunge.

Sambo and Cuffee, as we have said, were sitting on the quay, enjoying the pleasant sunshine, and making their evening repast of banana, when they heard the plunge into the water by the side of the Royal Consort, and presently saw Brook Watson emerging from the deep, his hands to his eyes, to free them from the brine, balancing up and down, sputtering the water from his mouth, and then throwing himself forward,

hand over hand, as if at length he really felt himself in his element.

“Oh, Massa Bacra,” roared out Sambo, as soon as he could recover his astonishment enough to speak ; “O Senor ; he white man neber go to swim ; O, de tiburon ; he berry bad bite, come llamar—de shark ; he hab berry big mouth ; he eatee a Senor all up down !”

Such was the exclamation of Sambo, in the best English he had been able to pick up, in a few years’ service, in unlading the American vessels that came to the Havana. It was intended to apprise the bold but inexperienced stranger, that the waters were filled with sharks, and that it was dangerous to swim in them. The words were scarcely uttered, and, even if they were heard, had not time to produce their effect, when Cuffee responded to the exclamation of his sable colleague, with—

“O, Madre de Dios, see, see, de tiburon, de shark ; ah San Salvador ; ah pobre joven ! matar, todo comer, he eat him all down, berry soon !”

The second cry had been drawn from the kind hearted negro, by seeing, at a distance, in the water, a smooth shooting streak, which an inexperienced eye would not have noticed, but which Sambo and Cuffee knew full well. It was the wake of a shark. At a distance of a mile or two, the shark had perceived his prey ; and with the rapidity of sound he had shot across the intervening space, scarcely disturbing the surface with a ripple. Cuffee’s practised eye alone

had seen a flash of his tail at the distance of a mile and a half; and raising his voice to the utmost of his strength, he had endeavored to apprise the incautious swimmer of his danger. Brook heard the shout, and turned his eye in the direction in which the negro pointed; and well skilled in all the appearances of the water, under which he could see almost as well as in the open air, he perceived the sharp forehead of the fearful animal rushing towards him, head on, with a rapidity which bade defiance to flight. Had he been armed with a knife, or even a stick, he would not have feared the encounter; but would have coolly waited his chance, like the negroes of the West Indies and the Spanish Main, and plunged his weapon into the opening maw of the ravenous animal. But he was wholly naked and defenceless. Every one on board the Royal Consort was asleep; and it was in vain to look for aid from that quarter. He cast a glance, in his extremity, to Sambo and Cuffee, and saw them, with prompt benevolence, throw themselves into a boat to rescue him; but meantime the hungry enemy was rushing on.

Brook thought of the Kennebeck; he thought of its green banks and its pleasant islands. He thought of the tall trunks of the pine trees, scathed with fire, which stood the grim sentinels of the forest, over the roof where he was born. He thought of the log school-house. He thought of his little brothers and sisters, and of his mother; and there was another image that passed through his mind, and almost melted

into cowardice his manly throbbing heart. He thought of Mary Atwood, and—but he had to think of himself. For though these tumultuous emotions and a thousand others rushed through his mind in a moment, crowding that one moment with a long duration of suffering; yet in the same fleet moment, the dreadful monster had shot across the entire space that separated him from Brook; and had stopped, as if its vitality had been instantly arrested, at the distance of about twelve feet from our swimmer. Brook had drawn himself up in the most pugnacious attitude possible; and was treading water with great activity. The shark, probably unused to any signs of making battle, remained, for one moment, quiet; and then, like a flash of lightning, shot sideling off, and came round in the rear. Brook, however, was as wide awake as his enemy. If he had not dealt with sharks before, he knew something of the ways of bears and catamounts; and contriving himself to get round, about as soon as the shark, he still presented a bold front to the foe.

But a human creature, after all, is out of his element in the water; and he fights with a shark, to about the same disadvantage as the shark himself, when dragged up on deck, fights with a man. He flounces and flings round, and makes formidable battle with tail and maw; but he is soon obliged to yield. The near approach to a fine plump healthy yankee was too much for the impatience of our shark. The plashing of the oars of Sambo and Cuffee, warned

the sagacious monster of gathering foes. Whirling himself over on his back, and turning up his long white belly, and opening his terrific jaws, set round with a double row of broad serrated teeth, the whole roof of his mouth paved with horrent fangs, all standing erect, sharp and rigid, just permitting the blood-bright red to be seen between their roots, he darted toward Brook. Brook's self-possession stood by him in this trying moment. He knew very well if the animal reached him in a vital part, that instant death was his fate ; and with a rapid movement, either of instinct or calculation, he threw himself backward, kicking at the same moment, at the shark. In consequence of this movement, his foot and leg passed into the horrid maw of the dreadful monster, and were severed in a moment—muscles, sinews and bone. In the next moment, Sambo and Cuffee were at his side ; and lifted him into the boat, convulsed with pain, and fainting with loss of blood. The Royal Consort was near, and the alarm was speedily given. Brook was taken on board ; the vessel's company were roused ; bandages and styptics were applied ; surgical advice was obtained from the shore, and in due season the hearty and sound-constituted youth recovered.

The place of his lost limb was supplied by a wooden one ; and industry, temperance, probity and zeal, supplied the place of a regiment of legs, when employed to prop up a lazy and dissipated frame. The manly virtues of our hero found their reward ;

his sufferings were crowned with a rich indemnity. He rose from one step to another of prosperity. Increased means opened a wider sphere of activity and usefulness. He was extensively engaged in public contracts, which he fulfilled to the advantage of the government, as well as his own ;—a thing rare enough among contracting *bipeds*. From a contractor, he became a commissary, and from commissary, Lord Mayor of London.

Behold our hero now, at the head of the magistracy of the metropolis of the British empire, displaying in this exalted station, the virtues which had raised him to it from humble life ; and combatting the monsters of vice and corruption, which infest the metropolis, as boldly as he withstood the monster of the deep, and with greater success. All classes of his majesty's subjects, who had occasion to approach him, enjoyed the benefit of his civic qualities ; and his fame spread far and wide through Great Britain. Nor was it confined, as may well be supposed, to the British isles. The North American colonies were proud of their fellow citizen, who, from poverty and obscurity, had reached the Lord Mayor's chair. The ambitious mother quoted him to her emulous offspring. The thrifty merchant at Boston, would send a quintal of the best Isle-of-Shoals, as a present to his worship ; and once, on the annual election day, the reverend gentleman, who officiated on the occasion, in commenting on the happy auspices of the day, (it was just after the receipt of a large sum of

money from England, on account of the expenses of the colony in the old war,) included among them, that a son of New England had been entrusted with the high and responsible duties of the Chief Magistracy of the metropolis of his majesty's dominions.

It may well be supposed, that the Americans, who went *home* (as it was called, even in the case of those who were born and bred in the colonies) were very fond of seeking the acquaintance of Sir Brook Watson, for knighthood had followed in the train of his other honors. Greatly to the credit of his worship, he uniformly received them with kindness and cordiality, and instead of shunning whatever recalled his humble origin, he paid particular attention to every one that came from Sagadahoc. There was but a single point in his history and condition, on which he evinced the least sensitiveness, and this was the painful occurrence which had deprived him of his limb. Regret at this severe loss; a vivid recollection of the agony which had accompanied it; and probably no little annoyance at the incessant interrogatories to which it had exposed him through life, and the constant repetition to which it had driven him of all the details of this event, had unitedly made it a very sore subject with him. He at length ceased himself to allude to it, and his friends perceived, by the brevity of his answers, that it was a topic on which he wished to be spared.

Among the Americans who obtained an introduction to his worship in London, were Asahel Ferret

and Richard Teasewell, shrewd yankees, who had found their way over to England, with a machine for dressing flax. They had obtained a letter of recommendation from a merchant in Boston to Sir Brook. They had no reason to murmur at their reception. They were invited to dine with his lordship, and treated with hearty hospitality and friendship. The dinner passed rather silently away, but with no neglect of the main end of the dinner. Our yankee visitors did full justice to his worship's bountiful fare. They found his mutton fine; his turbot fine; his strong beer genuine (as they called it;) and his wine most extraordinary good; and as the bottle circulated, the slight repression of spirits, under which they commenced, passed off. They became proportionably inquisitive, and opened upon their countryman a full battery of questions. They began with the articles that formed the dessert; and asked whether his lordship's peaches were raised in his lordship's own garden. When told they were not, they made so bold as to inquire, whether they were a present to his lordship or boughten. The mayor having answered that they came from the market,—“might they presume to ask how much they had cost?” They were curious to be informed whether the silver gilt spoons were solid metal;—how many little ones his worship had; what *meeting* he went to, and whether his lordship had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach; and if he did not think him a fine speaker! they were anxious to know, whether his lordship

went to see his majesty sociably now, as you would run in and out at a neighbor's ; whether her majesty was a comely personable woman, and whether it was true, that the prince was left-handed, and the princess pock-marked. They inquired what his lordship was worth ; how much he used to get, as commissary ; how much he got as lord mayor ; and whether her ladyship had not something handsome of her own. They were anxious to know, what his worship would turn his hand to, when he had done being lord mayor ; how old he was ; whether he did not mean to go back and live in America ; and whether it was not very pleasant to his lordship, to meet a countryman from New England. To all these questions and a great many more, equally searching and to the point, his lordship answered good humoredly ; sometimes with a direct reply, sometimes evasively, but never impatiently. He perceived, however, that the appetite of their curiosity grew, from what it fed on ; and that it would be as wise in him to hope for respite on their being satisfied, as it was in the rustic to wait for the river to run out.

These sturdy questioners had received a hint, that his lordship was rather sensitive on the subject of his limb, and not fond of having it alluded to. This, of course, served no other purpose, than that of imparting to them an intense desire to know every thing about it. They had never heard by what accident his lordship had met this misfortune ; as indeed the delicacy, which had for years been observed on the

subject, in the circle of his friends, had prevented the singular circumstances, which in early youth deprived him of his leg, from being generally known. It was surmised by some, that he had broken it by a fall on the ice, in crossing the Kennebeck in the winter. Others affirmed, of their certain knowledge, that he was crushed in a raft of timber; and a third had heard a brother-in-law declare, that he stood by him, when it was shot off, before Quebec. In fact, many persons, not altogether as curious as our visitors, really wished they knew how his lordship lost his leg.

This prevailing mystery, the good humor with which his worship had answered their other questions, and the keen sting of curiosity, wrought upon the visitors, till they were almost in a frenzy. The volubility with which they put their other questions, arose, in part, from the flutter of desire to probe this hidden matter. They looked at his worship's wooden leg; at each other; at the carpet; at the ceiling; and finally, one of them, by way of a feeler, asked his lordship if he had seen the new model of a cork leg, contrived by Mr. Rivetshin and highly commended in the papers. His lordship had not heard of it. Baffled in this, they asked his lordship whether he supposed it was very painful to lose a limb, by a cannon ball or a grape shot. His worship really could not judge, he had never had that misfortune. They then inquired whether casualties did not

frequently happen to lumberers on the Kennebeck river. The mayor replied that the poor fellows did sometimes slip off a rolling log, and get drowned. "Were there not bad accidents in crossing the river on the ice?" His lordship had heard of a wagon of produce, that had been blown down upon the slippery surface of the ice, horses and all, as far as Merry Meeting Bay, when it was brought up by a shot from fort Charles, which struck the wagon between perch and axle-tree and knocked it over; but his lordship pleasantly added, he believed it was an exaggeration.

Finding no possibility of getting the desired information by any indirect means, they began to draw their breath hard; to throw quick glances at each other and at his lordship's limb; and in a few moments one of them, with a previous jerk of his head and compression of his lips, as much as to say, "I will know it or die," ventured to take the liberty to inquire, if he might presume so far, as to ask his lordship, by what accident he had been deprived of the valuable limb, which appeared to be wanting to his lordship's otherwise fine person.

His lordship was amused at the air and manner with which the question was put; like those of a raw lad, who shuts his eye, when taking aim with a gun. The displeasure he would otherwise have felt was turned into merriment; and he determined to sport with their unconscionable curiosity.

“Why, my friends,” said he, “what good would it do you to be informed? How many questions I have already answered you this morning! You now ask me how I lost my leg; if I answer you on that point, you will wish to know the when, and the wherefore; and instead of satisfying I shall only excite your curiosity.

“Oh no,” they replied, “if his lordship would but condescend to answer them this one question, they would agree never to ask him another.”

His lordship paused a moment, musing; and then added, with a smile, “But will you pledge yourselves to me to that effect?”

Oh, they were willing to lay themselves under any obligation; they would enter into bond not to trouble his lordship with any farther question; they would forfeit a thousand pounds, if they did not keep their word.

“Done, gentlemen,” said his lordship, “I accept the condition—I will answer your question, and take your bond never to put me another.”

The affected mystery, the delay, and the near prospect of satisfying their own curiosity, rendered our visitors perfectly indifferent to the conditions, on which they were to obtain the object of their desire. His lordship rang for a clerk, to whom he briefly explained the case, directing him to draw up a bond, for the signature of his inquisitive countrymen. The instrument was soon produced, and ran in the following terms:

“KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS,

That we, Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, of the town of Gossipbridge and county of Tolland, in his majesty's colony of Connecticut, in New England, do hereby jointly and severally acknowledge ourselves firmly holden and bound to his worship, Sir Brook Watson, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs and assigns, in the sum of one thousand pounds sterling; and we do hereby, for ourselves, our heirs and assigns, covenant and agree, to pay to his said worship, the present Lord Mayor of London, to his heirs and assigns, the aforesaid sum of one thousand pounds sterling, when the same shall become due, according to the tenor of this obligation;—

And the condition of this obligation is such, that, whereas the aforesaid Ferret and Teasewell, of the town and county, &c., and colony, &c., have signified to his aforesaid worship their strong desire to be informed, apprised, instructed, told, made acquainted, satisfied, put at rest, and enlightened, how and in what manner his aforesaid worship became deprived, mutilated, maimed, curtailed, retrenched, damnified, abated, abscinded, amputated, or abridged in the article of his worship's right leg; and whereas his aforesaid worship, willing to gratify the laudable curiosity of the said Ferret and Teasewell; but desirous also to put some period, term, end, close, estoppel, and finish, to the numerous questions, queries, interrogatories, inquiries, demands, and examinations of the said Ferret and Teasewell, whereby his aforesaid

worship hath been sorely teased, worried, wherreted, perplexed, annoyed, tormented, afflicted, soured and discouraged; therefore, to the end aforesaid, and in consideration of the premises aforesaid, his worship aforesaid, hath covenanted, consented, agreed, promised, contracted, stipulated, bargained, and doth, &c. with the said Ferret and Teasewell, &c., &c., to answer such question, as they, the said Ferret and Teasewell, shall put and propound to his said worship, in the premises, touching the manner, &c., &c., truly, and without guile, covin, fraud, or falsehood; and the said Ferret and Teasewell, also, do on their part, covenant, consent, agree, promise, stipulate, and bargain with his aforesaid worship, and have, &c., that they will never propound, or put any farther or different question to his aforesaid worship, during the term of their natural lives;—And if the said Ferret and Teasewell, or either of them, contrary to the obligation of this bond, shall at any time hereafter, put or propound any farther, or other, or different question to his said worship, they shall jointly and severally, forfeit and pay to his said worship, the sum aforesaid, of one thousand pounds, sterling money; and if, during the term of their natural lives, they shall utterly forbear, abstain, renounce, abandon, abjure, withhold, neglect, and omit, to propound any such, other, or farther, or different question, to his aforesaid worship, then this bond shall be utterly null, void, and of no effect;—but otherwise in full force and validity.

Witness our hand and seal, this tenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

ASAHEL FERRET. (Seal.)

RICHARD TEASEWELL. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed, and delivered,
in presence of

FRANCIS FAIRSERVICE.

SAMUEL SLYPLAY.

Middlesex, ss. 10th October, A. D. 1769. Then personally appeared before me, the said Asahel Ferret and Richard Teasewell, and acknowledged the aforesaid obligation to be their free act and deed.

Attest, THOMAS TRUEMAN, *Justice of the Peace*.
Stamp, 3s."

The instrument was executed, handed to his worship, and deposited in his scrutoire.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am ready for your question."

They paused a moment, from excess of excitement and anticipation. Their feelings were like those of Columbus, when he beheld a light from the American shores ; like Dr. Franklin's, when he took the electric spark from the string of his kite.

"Your lordship then will please to inform us, how your lordship's limb was taken off."

"IT WAS BITTEN OFF !"

They started, as if they had taken a shock from an electric battery ; the blood shot up to their tem-

ples ; they stepped each a pace nearer to his lordship, and with staring eyes, gaping mouth, and with uplifted hands, were about to pour out a volley of questions, “ by whom, by what bitten ; how, why, when ! ”

But his lordship smilingly put his forefinger to his lip, and then pointed to the scrutoire, where their bond was deposited.

They saw, for the first time in their lives, that they were taken in ; and departed rather embarrassed and highly dissatisfied, with having passed an afternoon, in finding out that his lordship’s leg was bitten off. This mode of losing a limb being one of very rare occurrence, their curiosity was rather increased than allayed by the information ; and as they went down stairs, they were heard by the servants, muttering to each other, “ Who, do you ’spose, bit off his leg ? ”

THE DYING ARCHER.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

THE day has near ended, the light quivers through
The leaves of the forest, which bend with the dew,
The flowers bow in beauty, the smooth-flowing stream
Is gliding as softly as thoughts in a dream ;
The low room is darkened, there breathes not a sound,
While friends in their sadness are gathering round ;
Now out speaks the Archer, his course well nigh done,
“ Throw, throw back the lattice, and let in the sun ? ”

The lattice is opened ; and now the blue sky
Brings joy to his bosom, and fire to his eye ;
There stretches the greenwood, where, year after year,
He “ chased the wild roe-buck and followed the deer,”
He gazed upon mountain, and forest, and dell,
Then bowed he, in sorrow, a silent farewell :
“ And when we are parted, and when thou art dead,
Oh where shall we lay thee ? ” his followers said.

Then up rose the Archer, and gazed once again
On far-reaching mountain, and river, and plain ;
“ Now bring me my quiver, and tighten my bow,
And let the winged arrow my sepulchre show ! ”

Out, out through the lattice the arrow has passed,
And in the far forest has lighted at last ;
And there shall the hunter in slumber be laid,
Where wild deer are bounding beneath the green shade.

His last words are finished : his spirit has fled,
And now lies in silence the form of the dead.
The lamps in the chamber are flickering dim,
And sadly the mourners are chanting their hymn ;
And now to the greenwood, and now on the sod,
Where lighted the arrow, the mourners have trod ;
And thus by the river, where dark forests wave,
That noble old Archer hath found him a grave !

DOMESTIC INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

By R. H. DANA.

THE relations of parents and children are the holiest in our lives ; and there are no pleasures, or cares, or thoughts connected with this world, which reminds us so soon of another. The helpless infancy of children sets our own death before us, when they will be left to a world to which we would not trust ourselves ; and the thought of the character they may take in after life, brings with it the question, what awaits them in another. Though there is a melancholy in this, its seriousness has a religious tendency. And the responsibility which a man has laid himself under, begets a resoluteness of character, a sense that this world was not made to idle in, and a feeling of dignity that he is acting for a great end. How heavily does one toil who labors only for himself ; and how is he cast down by the thought of what a worthless creature it is all for !

We have heard of the sameness of domestic life. He must have a dull head and little heart who grows weary of it. A man who moralizes feelingly, and has a proneness to see a beauty and fitness in all God's

works, may find daily food for his mind even in an infant. In its innocent sleep, when it seems like some blessed thing dropped from the clouds, with tints so delicate, and with its peaceful breathing, we can hardly think of it as of mortal mould, it looks so like a pure spirit made visible for our delight.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy,” says Wordsworth. And who of us, that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good natured man watching the workings of children’s minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about every thing, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances, and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously

to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life, and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner, digging a lilliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies, and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children, with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him, as I have of revolting toward another, who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing towards children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter, attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men, than to be disliked of children.

DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
Nor worthless pomp of homage vain,
Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
For I will die as I did live,
Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
Upon the spot where I repose ;
Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
In hollow circumstance of woes :
Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
Your monuments upon my breast,
Nor yet within the common soil
Lay down the wreck of Power to rest ;
Where man can boast that he has trod
On him that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
And lay its secret channel bare,
And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
A resting-place forever there :
Then bid its everlasting springs
Flow back upon the king of kings ;
And never be the secret said,
Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
Back to the clods that gave them birth ;
The captured crowns of many a king,
The ransom of a conquered earth :
For e'en though dead will I control
The tropies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide,
Ye 've laid your monarch down to rot,
Ye shall not rear upon its side
Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;
For long enough the world has shook
Beneath the terrors of my look ;
And now that I have run my race,
The astonished realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
And from the northern hills I burst,
Across the world in wrath to sweep,
And where I went, the spot was cursed,
Nor blade of grass again was seen
Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
 Beneath the terror of the Goth,
Their iron-breasted legions quail
 Before my ruthless sabaoth,
And low the queen of empires kneels,
And grovels at my chariot wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
 In judgment my triumphal car ;
'T was God alone on high did send
 The avenging Scythian to the war,
To shake abroad, with iron hand,
The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I reared
 O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
Destruction was the ship I steered,
 And vengeance sat upon the helm,
When, launched in fury on the flood,
I ploughed my ways through seas of blood,
And in the stream their hearts had spilt
Washed out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
 I poured the torrent of my powers,
And feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
 In vain within their seven-hilled towers ;
I quenched in blood the brightest gem
That glittered in their diadem,
And struck a darker, deeper die
In the purple of their majesty,
And bade my northern banners shine
Upon the conquered Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done ;
I go to Him from whence I came ;
But never yet shall set the sun
Of glory that adorns my name ;
And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
But darker ministers of fate,
Impatient, round the eternal throne,
And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;
And soon mankind shall blench away
Before the name of Attila.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE.

BY JARED SPARKS.

THE case of Captain Nathan Hale has been regarded as parallel to that of Major Andre. This young officer was a graduate of Yale College, and had but recently closed his academic course when the war of the revolution commenced. Possessing genius, taste and ardor, he became distinguished as a scholar; and, endowed in an eminent degree with those graces and gifts of nature which add a charm to youthful excellence, he gained universal esteem and confidence. To high moral worth and irreproachable habits were joined gentleness of manners, an ingenuous disposition, and vigor of understanding. No young man of his years put forth a fairer promise of future usefulness and celebrity; the fortunes of none were fostered more sincerely by the generous good wishes of his associates, or the hopes and encouraging presages of his superiors.

Being a patriot upon principle, and an enthusiast in a cause which appealed equally to his sense of justice and love of liberty, he was among the first to take up arms in his country's defence. The news of the

battle of Lexington roused his martial spirit, and called him immediately to the field. He obtained a commission in the army, and marched with his company to Cambridge. His promptness, activity, and assiduous attention to discipline, were early observed. He prevailed upon his men to adopt a simple uniform, which improved their appearance, attracted notice, and procured applause. The example was followed by others, and its influence was beneficial. Nor were his hours wholly absorbed by his military duties. A rigid economy of time enabled him to gratify his zeal for study and mental culture.

At length the theatre of action was changed, and the army was removed to the southward. The battle of Long Island was fought, and the American forces were drawn together in the city of New York. At this moment it was extremely important for Washington to know the situation of the British army on the heights of Brooklyn, its numbers, and the indications as to its future movements. Having confidence in the discretion and judgment of the gallant Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a Connecticut regiment of infantry, he explained his wishes to that officer, and requested him to ascertain if any suitable person could be found in his regiment, who would undertake so hazardous and responsible a service. It was essential that he should be a man of capacity, address, and military knowledge.

Colonel Knowlton assembled several of his officers, stated to them the views and desires of the General,

and left the subject to their reflections, without proposing the enterprise to any individual. The officers then separated. Captain Hale considered deliberately what had been said, and finding himself by a sense of duty inclined to the undertaking, he called at the quarters of his intimate friend, Captain Hull, (afterwards General Hull,) and asked his opinion. Hull endeavored to dissuade him from the service, as not befitting his rank in the army, and as being of a kind for which his openness of character disqualified him; adding, that no glory could accrue from success, and a detection would inevitably be followed by an ignominious death.

Captain Hale replied, that all these considerations had been duly weighed, that "every kind of service necessary to the public good was honorable by being necessary," that he did not accept a commission for the sake of fame alone or personal advancement, that he had been for some time in the army without being able to render any signal aid to the cause of his country, and that he felt impelled by high motives of duty not to shrink from the opportunity now presented.

The arguments of his friend were unavailing, and Captain Hale passed over to Long Island in disguise. He had gained the desired information, and was just on the point of stepping into a boat to return to the city of New York, when he was arrested and taken before the British commander. Like Andre, he had assumed a character which he could not sustain; he

was "too little accustomed to duplicity to succeed." The proof against him was so conclusive, that he made no effort at self-defence, but frankly confessed his objects ; and again, like Andre, without further remarks, "left the facts to operate with his judges." He was sentenced to be executed as a spy, and was accordingly hanged the next morning.

The sentence was conformable to the laws of war, and the prisoner was prepared to meet it with a fortitude becoming his character. But the circumstances of his death aggravated his sufferings, and placed him in a situation widely different from that of Andre. The facts were narrated to General Hull by an officer of the British commissary department, who was present at the execution, and deeply moved by the conduct and fate of the unfortunate victim, and the treatment he received. The provost-martial, to whose charge he was consigned, was a refugee, and behaved towards him in the most unfeeling manner ; refusing the attendance of a clergyman and the use of a Bible, and destroying the letters he had written to his mother and friends.

In the midst of these barbarities, Hale was calm, collected, firm ; pitying the malice that could insult a fallen foe and dying man, but displaying to the last his native elevation of soul, dignity of deportment, and an undaunted courage. Alone, unfriended, without consolation or sympathy, he closed his mortal career with the declaration, "that he only lamented he had but one life to lose for his country." When Andre

stood upon the scaffold, he called on all around him to bear witness, that he died like a brave man. The dying words of Hale embodied a nobler and more sublime sentiment; breathing a spirit of satisfaction, that, although brought to an untimely end, it was his lot to die a martyr in his country's cause. The whole tenor of his conduct, and this declaration itself, were such proofs of his bravery, that it required not to be more audibly proclaimed. The following tribute is from the muse of Dr. Dwight :

“ Thus, while fond virtue wished in vain to save,
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave ;
With genius' living flame his bosom glowed,
And science charmed him to her sweet abode ;
In worth's fair path his feet adventured far,
The pride of peace, the rising grace of war.”

There was a striking similarity between the character and acts of Hale and Andre, but in one essential point of difference the former appears to much the greater advantage. Hale was promised no reward, nor did he expect any. It was necessary that the service should be undertaken from purely virtuous motives, without a hope of gain or of honor; because it was of a nature not to be executed by the common class of spies, who are influenced by pecuniary considerations; and promotion could not be offered as an inducement, since that would be a temptation for an officer to hazard his life as a spy, which a commander could not with propriety hold out. Viewed in any light, the act must be allowed to bear unequivocal

marks of patriotic disinterestedness and self-devotion. But Andre had a glorious prize before him ; the chance of distinguishing himself in a military enterprise, honors, renown, and every allurement that could flatter hope and stimulate ambition. To say the least, his personal advantages were to be commensurate with the benefit to his country.

But whatever may have been the parallel between these two individuals while living, it ceased with their death. A monument was raised and consecrated to the memory of Andre by the bounty of a grateful sovereign. His ashes have been removed from their obscure resting-place, transported across the ocean, and deposited with the remains of the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Where is the memento of the virtues, the patriotic sacrifice, the early fate of Hale ? It is not inscribed in marble ; it is hardly recorded in books. Let it be the more deeply cherished in the hearts of his countrymen.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail ! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil !
Oh stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore :
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phæbus travels bright
The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime ;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,—

Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains ?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun :
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
“ We are one ! ”

NOTCH IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

THE sublime and awful grandeur of this passage baffles all description. Geometry may settle the heights of the mountains ; and numerical figures may record the measure ; but no words can tell the emotions of the soul, as it looks upward, and views the almost perpendicular precipices, which line the narrow space between them ; while the senses ache with terror and astonishment, as one sees himself hedged in from all the world besides. He may cast his eye forward, or backward, or to either side ;—he can see only upward, and there the diminutive circle of his vision is cribbed and confined by the battlements of nature's "cloud-capped towers," which seem as if they wanted only the breathing of a zephyr, or the wafting of a straw against them, to displace them, and crush the prisoner in their fall.

Just before our visit to this place, on the 26th of June, 1826, there was a tremendous avalanche, or *slide*, as it is there called, from the mountain, which makes the southern wall of the passage. An immense mass of earth and rock, on the side of the

mountain, was loosened from its resting place, and began to slide towards the bottom. In its course, it divided into three portions, each coming down, with amazing velocity, into the road, and sweeping before it shrubs, trees, and rocks, and filling up the road, beyond all possibility of its being removed. With great labor, a pathway has been made over these fallen masses, which admits the passage of a carriage.

There are many trees of large size that came down with such force as to shiver them in pieces ; and innumerable rocks, of many tons' weight, any one of which was sufficient to carry with it destruction to any of the labors of man. The spot on the mountain, from which the slip was loosened, is now a naked, white rock ; and its pathway downward is indicated by deep channels, or furrows, grooved in the side of the mountain, and down one of which pours a stream of water sufficient to carry a common saw-mill.

From this place to the Notch, there is almost a continual ascent, generally gradual, but sometimes steep and sudden. The narrow pathway proceeds along the stream, sometimes crossing it, and shifting from the side of one mountain to the other, as either furnishes a less precarious foothold for the traveller than its fellow. Occasionally it winds up the side of the steep to such a height, as to leave, on one hand or the other, a gulf of unseen depth ; for the foliage of the trees and shrubs is impervious to the sight. The Notch itself is formed by a sudden projection of rock from the mountain on the right or northerly side, rising

perpendicularly to a great height—probably seventy or eighty feet—and by a large mass of rock on the left side, which has tumbled from its ancient location, and taken a position within twenty feet of its opposite neighbor.

The length of the Notch is not more than three or four rods. The moment it is passed, the mountains seem to have vanished. A level meadow, overgrown with long grass and wild flowers, and spotted with tufts of shrubbery, spreads itself before the astonished eye, on the left, and a swamp, or thicket, on the right, conceals the ridge of mountains which extend to the north: the road separates this thicket from the meadow. Not far from the Notch, on the right-hand side of the road, several springs issue from the rocks that compose the base of the mountain, unite in the thicket, and form the Saco River. This little stream runs across the road into the meadow, where it almost loses itself in its meandering among the bogs, but again collects its waters, and passes *under* the rock that makes the southerly wall of the Notch. It is here invisible for several rods, and its presence is indicated only by its noise, as it rolls through its rugged tunnel. In wet seasons and freshets, probably a portion of the water passes *over* the fragments of rock, which are here wedged together, and form an arch, or covering, for the natural bed of the stream.

The sensations, which affect the corporeal faculties, as one views these stupendous creations of Omnipotence, are absolutely afflicting and painful. If you

look at the summits of the mountains, when a cloud passes towards them, it is impossible for the eye to distinguish, at such a height, which is in motion, the mountain or the cloud ; and this deception of vision produces a dizziness, which few spectators have nerve enough to endure for many minutes. If the eye be fixed on the crags and masses of rock, that project from the sides of the mountains, the flesh involuntarily quivers, and the limbs seem to be impelled to retreat from a scene that threatens impendent destruction. If the thoughts which crowd upon the intellectual faculties are less painful than these sensations of flesh and blood, they are too sublime and overwhelming to be described. The frequent alterations and great changes, that have manifestly taken place in these majestic masses, since they were first piled together by the hand of the Creator, are calculated to awaken “thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul.” If the “everlasting hills” thus break in pieces, and shake the shaggy covering from their sides, who will deny that

This earthly globe, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand, shall pass away ?—
The sun himself, by gathering clouds oppressed,
Shall, in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall break, and, useless, lie
Among the common ruins of the sky ;
The stars rush headlong, in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean ?

Reflection needs not the authority of inspiration to warrant a belief, that this anticipation is something more than poetical. History and philosophy teach its

truth, or at least, its probability. The melancholy imaginings which it excites are relieved by the conviction that the whole of God's creation is nothing less

Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Formed for his use, and ready at his will;

and that if this globe should be resolved into chaos, it will undergo a new organization, and be re-moulded into scenes of beauty, and abodes of happiness. Such may be the order of nature, to be unfolded in a perpetual series of material production and decay—of creation and dissolution—a magnificent procession of worlds and systems, in the march of eternity.

THE FREE MIND.

BY W. L. GARRISON.

HIGH walls and huge the *body* may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways :
Yet scorns the immortal *mind* this base control !
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose :
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes !
It leaps from mount to mount ; from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;
It visits home, to hear the fire-side tale,
Or, in sweet converse, pass the joyous hours.
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star !

VISIT TO LAFAYETTE.

BY HENRY R. CLEVELAND.

I SHARED in the desire, common to all my countrymen who arrive in France, to see Lafayette ; but I was told that it would be of no use to call and present letters at his house, for he was so much occupied with public affairs, that I should never be able to obtain an interview in this way. Not long after my arrival in Paris, however, I had the pleasure of meeting him at a soiree, at the house of the American Minister. I saw him surrounded by a crowd, who flocked to meet him at his entrance ; I saw him entertaining them with conversation, bright and courtier-like, as when, half a century before, he formed the ornament of the dainty saloons of Marie Antoinette. I softly joined the number who had gathered round him, but did not then venture to be presented. I afterwards met him at many other balls and parties, and observed, in every instance, the same appearance of vivacity and youthful feeling, which surprised me at first. Age did not appear to have dimmed his powers in the least ; and at seventy-five, the old man was still the star of the saloons, the foremost of his party, the pride of two worlds.

It was my good fortune to become much acquainted with Lafayette, during the succeeding year. A number of Americans, at his instance, had formed themselves into a committee, to assist him in distributing to the refugee Poles the money sent them from America, for their relief. I was a member of this committee; we met every Wednesday evening, at the house of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper. Lafayette was a constant attendant; and as our business never occupied much time, we were usually entertained by his conversation. He was a great talker, and he talked well. I have never been more interested in any discussion, than in the conversations at these meetings. One evening, I shall long remember. It was the twenty-second of February, the hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth day. We had met to transact the business of the committee; probably most of us, without reflecting what the day was. The fact was mentioned, by some one, in the course of the evening, and our hospitable entertainer proposed drinking to the memory of the father of our country; and accordingly champagne was brought. Lafayette was much interested—told us numerous anecdotes of Washington and the American revolution; and we remained till a late hour of the night, listening to the conversation, and not envying our friends at home, the dinners and balls and other festivities, which graced the occasion.

Having received an invitation, from Lafayette, to visit Lagrange, I left Paris, in company with an American friend, one fine morning in June, in the diligence for Rosoy, the nearest village to the Gene-

ral's estate. The distance is about thirty-five miles, over a road, for the most part, uninteresting. The castle of Vincennes attracted our attention, though we had not time to stop and examine it. It appeared to be a collection of towers, joined by a wall of great height and thickness. Some of the towers had the appearance of antiquity; but the rich old Gothic carved work, being supplied with plain masonry, wherever it had perished, the effect was very bad. On the whole, if we except the Gothic chapel, the summit of which alone could be seen above the wall, the edifice had rather the appearance of our state prisons, than of a military fortress. The forest of Vincennes is very fine, extending over an immense tract, and formerly used by the kings of France as hunting ground. Since the accession of Louis Philippe, the royal forests have been thrown open to the public, and the game is now nearly all killed.

Arrived at Rosoy, we took a guide to conduct us to Lagrange; and having followed the public road for about half a mile, we came to a path, by the road side, which, we were told, would conduct us to the house. We followed this for some time, winding through the wood or along the meadow, till we at length discerned, amidst a bower of trees, the gray towers of the chateau. We traversed a short causeway, deeply shaded with pines and weeping willows, crossed the little bridge, which is thrown over the moat, and entered at the dark and heavy Gothic portal, which opened before us between two circular towers covered with ivy, which curtains the whole

side of the castle. We afterwards gathered a few leaves of the ivy, as a memorial of Lagrange—the more interesting, from its having been planted by the hands of Charles James Fox.

Having passed the gateway, we found ourselves in a quadrangle, around three sides of which, the castle is built. The fourth side opens to the west, and affords a fine view of the park, which is clustered with elms and other trees, and stretches away, to a great distance, on each side of the chateau. With much ado, we found our way to the right door, and, having sent up our names, were immediately welcomed by the General, in his usual kind and hospitable manner, and at once installed as members of the family.

The rooms in the chateau are charmingly situated, especially those in the circular towers, as they command a view on three sides. The General told us, that the building was probably erected some time in the thirteenth century. It was, originally, a very strong castle—the walls being immensely thick, and of solid masonry ; and as we looked at it, there was no great difficulty in imagining what its original appearance might have been. It was not unlike the ancient barons' castles, described in the Waverly novels ; the fourth side of the quadrangle was then undoubtedly protected by a lofty and strong wall, and perhaps another tower, to complete the six. Behind the battlements, the knights were stationed, on the approach of an enemy, and a broad, deep moat encircled the whole ; the draw-bridge was raised, and the portcullis—the grooves of which are still visible—defended the

entrance, while the narrow loop-holes, in the towers, bristled with arrows. At a little distance stood the chapel—respected even by the enemies of the lords of Lagrange—now, most unceremoniously, converted into a barn. The exterior, however, retains its ecclesiastical appearance; and being surrounded with trees, is a very picturesque object.

In the evening, we went to look at the presents, which Lafayette had received from America. The first which we noticed, was the race-boat, “American Star,” which beat the English boat, at New York. A very pretty house is built over it, the sides of which are covered with wire net-work, so that the boat can always be seen without entering. Thence we went to the farm-yard, where we found a large collection of domestic fowl, of every kind; also, pigs, sheep, cattle, of American breed, in abundance. Everything looked flourishing and in fine order; and the barns and their contents would have done honor to an English farmer.

We spent two days, at this charming place, walking in the park, or conversing with the General and his interesting family. The morning after we arrived, we had a proof of the reverence and affection, with which Lafayette was regarded by the neighboring inhabitants. There was a review of the National Guard of Rosoy that day, and the commandant proposed to come and salute the General—for the session of the Chambers had but lately closed at Paris, and the two Lafayettes, both of them Deputies, had very recently arrived at Lagrange. The troops, to

the number of three or four hundred, were marched into the inner square of the castle ; and the Mayor of the town, who accompanied them, made a speech to the General, expressing the approbation of his constituents, and their satisfaction at seeing him among them again ; which speech was followed by lively acclamations of "*Vive le General!*" The old man replied to them with propriety and eloquence ; and, as I had never been able to hear him respond in this way in America, I was greatly pleased to hear him speak on such an occasion, at home.

Indeed, it had a strong effect on my feelings, to visit this venerable man, thus at his own quiet home. I had seen him six years before, on his triumphal journey through the States, and I supposed, when he bade farewell to our shores, that I had seen him for the last time. To behold him again, in his own country, after my long wanderings ; to visit him at his home, to see him surrounded by his children, down to the fourth generation, and living among them in patriarchal dignity ; to wander with him, in the hospitable shades of Lagrange, and listen to his conversation, alike interesting, whether it turned on the past or the present—all this inspired me with new emotions ; and I seemed rather to be in the presence of one who was rewarded for the labors, counsels, and dangers of a well-spent life, by a habitation in the dwelling-place of the blest, than of a mortal like myself.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

BY JOSEPH STORY.

FAREWELL, my darling child, a sad farewell !
Thou art gone from earth, in heavenly scenes to dwell ;
For sure, if ever being, formed from dust,
Might hope for bliss, thine is that holy trust.
Spotless and pure, from God thy spirit came ;
Spotless it has returned, a brighter flame.
Thy last, soft prayer was heard—No more to roam ;
Thou art, ('t was all thy wish,) thou art gone home.*
Ours are the loss and agonizing grief,
The slow, dead hours, the sighs without relief,
The lingering nights, the thoughts of pleasure past,
Memory, that wounds, and darkens, to the last.
How desolate the space, how deep the line,
That part our hopes, our fates, our paths, from thine !
We tread with faltering steps the shadowy shore ;
Thou art at rest, where storms can vex no more.
When shall we meet again, and kiss away
The tears of joy in one eternal day ?

* The last words, uttered but a few moments before her death, were—
"I want to go home."

Most lovely thou ! in beauty's rarest truth !
A cherub's face ; the breathing blush of youth ;
A smile more sweet than seemed to mortal given ;
An eye that spoke, and beamed the light of heaven ;
A temper like the balmy summer sky,
That soothes, and warms, and cheers, when life beats
 high ;
A bounding spirit, which, in sportive chase,
Gave, as it moved, a fresh and varying grace ;
A voice, whose music warbled notes of mirth,
Its tones unearthly, or scarce formed for earth ;
A mind, which kindled with each passing thought,
And gathered treasures, when they least were sought ;—
These were thy bright attractions ; these had power
To spread a nameless charm o'er every hour.
But that which, more than all, could bliss impart,
Was thy warm love, thy tender, buoyant heart,
Thy ceaseless flow of feeling, like the rill,
That fills its sunny banks, and deepens still.
Thy chief delight to fix thy parents' gaze,
Win their fond kiss, or gain their modest praise.

When sickness came, though short, and hurried o'er,
It made thee more an angel than before.
How patient, tender, gentle, though disease
Preyed on thy life !—how anxious still to please !
How oft around thy mother's neck entwined
Thy arms were folded, as to Heaven resigned !
How oft thy kisses on her pallid cheek
Spoke all thy love, as language ne'er could speak !
E'en the last whisper of thy parting breath
Asked, and received, a mother's kiss, in death.

But oh ! how vain, by art, or words, to tell,
What ne'er was told—affection's magic spell !
More vain to tell that sorrow of the soul,
That works in secret, works beyond control,
When death strikes down, with sudden crush and power,
Parental hope, and blasts its opening flower.
Most vain to tell, how deep that long despair,
Which time ne'er heals, which time can scarce impair.

Yet still I love to linger on the strain—
'Tis grief's sad privilege. When we complain,
Our hearts are eased of burdens hard to bear ;
We mourn our loss, and feel a comfort there.

My child, my darling child, how oft with thee
Have I passed hours of blameless ecstasy !
How oft have wandered, oft have paused to hear
Thy playful thoughts fall sweetly on my ear !
How oft have caught a hint beyond thy age,
Fit to instruct the wise, or charm the sage !
How oft, with pure delight, have turned to see
Thy beauty felt by all, except by thee ;
Thy modest kindness, and thy searching glance ;
Thy eager movements, and thy graceful dance ;
And, while I gazed with all a father's pride,
Concealed a joy, worth all on earth beside !

How changed the scene ! In every favorite walk
I miss thy flying steps, thy artless talk ;
Where'er I turn, I feel thee ever near ;
Some frail memorial comes, some image dear.
Each spot still breathes of thee—each garden flower

Tells of the past, in sunshine, or in shower ;
And here, the chair, and there, the sofa stands,
Pressed by thy form, or polished by thy hands.
My home, how full of thee !—But where art thou ?
Gone, like the sunbeam from the mountain's brow ;
But, unlike that, once passed the fated bourn,
Bright beam of heaven, thou never shalt return.
Yet, yet, it soothes my heart on thee to dwell ;
LOUISA, darling child, farewell, farewell !

LIFE AT SEA.

PASSAGES FROM "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST."

By R. H. DANA, JR.

AN ICEBERG.

At twelve o'clock we went below, and had just got through dinner, when the cook put his head down the scuttle and told us to come on deck and see the finest sight that we had ever seen. "Where away, cook?" asked the first man who was up. "On the larboard bow." And there lay, floating in the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo color. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue color, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no

description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor, and, really, the sublimity, of the sight. Its great size ;—for it must have been from two to three miles in circumference, and several hundred feet in height ; its slow motion, as its base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds ; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust ; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces ; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear—all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo color, its base crusted with frozen foam ; and as it grew thin and transparent toward the edges and top, its color shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly toward the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon ; and when we got to leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for a greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times in our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Toward morning, a strong breeze sprang up, and we

filled away, and left it astern ; and at daylight it was out of sight.

SHIP UNDER FULL SAIL.

Notwithstanding all that has been said about the beauty of a ship under full sail, there are very few who have ever seen a ship, literally, under all her sail. A ship coming in or going out of port, with her ordinary sails, and perhaps two or three studding-sails, is commonly said to be under full sail ; but a ship never has all her sail upon her, except when she has a light, steady breeze, very nearly, but not quite dead aft, and so regular that it can be trusted, and is likely to last for some time. Then, with all her sails, light and heavy, and studding-sails, on each side, alow and aloft, she is the most glorious moving object in the world. Such a sight, very few, even some who have been at sea a good deal, have ever beheld ; for from the deck of your own vessel you cannot see her, as you would a separate object.

One night, while we were in these tropics, I went out to the end of the flying-jib-boom, upon some duty, and having finished it, turned round, and lay over the boom for a long time, admiring the beauty of the sight before me. Being so far out from the deck, I could look at the ship, as at a separate vessel ;—and there, rose up from the water, supported only by the small black hull, a pyramid of canvass, spreading out far beyond the hull, and towering up almost, as it seemed in the indistinct night air, to the clouds. The

sea was as still as an inland lake ; the light trade-wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern ; the dark blue sky was studded with the tropical stars ; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem ; and the sails were spread out, wide and high ;—the two lower studding-sails stretching, on each side, far beyond the deck ; the top-mast studding-sails, like wings to the top-sails ; the top-gallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them ; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string ; and, highest of all, the little sky-sail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand. So quiet, too, was the sea, and so steady the breeze, that if these sails had been sculptured marble, they could not have been more motionless. Not a ripple upon the surface of the canvass ; not even a quivering of the extreme edges of the sail—so perfectly were they distended by the breeze. I was so lost in the sight, that I forgot the presence of the man who came out with me, until he said, (for he, too, rough old man-of-war's-man as he was, had been gazing at the show,) half to himself, still looking at the marble sails—“ How quietly they do their work ! ”

A TROPICAL THUNDER STORM.

The first night after the trade-winds left us, while we were in the latitude of the island of Cuba, we had a specimen of a true tropical thunder storm. A light

breeze had been blowing from aft during the first part of the night, which gradually died away, and before midnight it was dead calm, and a heavy black cloud had shrouded the whole sky. When our watch came on deck at twelve o'clock, it was as black as Erebus ; the studding-sails were all taken in, and the royals furled ; not a breath was stirring ; the sails hung heavy and motionless from the yards ; and the perfect stillness, and the darkness, which was almost palpable, were truly appalling. Not a word was spoken, but every one stood as though waiting for something to happen. In a few minutes the mate came forward, and in a low tone, which was almost a whisper, told us to haul down the jib. The fore and mizen top-gallant sails were taken in, in the same silent manner ; and we lay motionless upon the water, with an uneasy expectation, which, from the long suspense, became actually painful. We could hear the captain walking the deck, but it was too dark to see any thing more than one's hand before the face. Soon the mate came forward again, and gave an order, in a low tone, to clew up the main top-gallant sail ; and so infectious was the awe and silence, that the clewlines and buntlines were hauled up without any of the customary singing out at the ropes. An English lad and myself went up to furl it ; and we had just got the bunt up, when the mate called out to us, something, we did not hear what—but supposing it to be an order to bear-a-hand, we hurried, and made all fast, and came down, feeling our way among the rigging.

When we got down we found all hands looking aloft, and there, directly over where we had been standing, upon the main top-gallant mast-head, was a ball of light, which the sailors name a corposant, (*corpus sancti*,) and which the mate had called out to us to look at. They were all watching it carefully, for sailors have a notion that if the corposant rises in the rigging, it is a sign of fair weather, but if it comes lower down, there will be a storm. Unfortunately, as an omen, it came down, and showed itself on the top-gallant yard-arm. We were off the yard in good season, for it is held a fatal sign to have the pale light of the corposant thrown upon one's face. As it was, the English lad did not feel comfortably at having had it so near him, and directly over his head. In a few minutes it disappeared, and showed itself again on the fore top-gallant yard; and after playing about for some time, disappeared again; when the man on the fore-castle pointed to it upon the flying-jib-boom-end. But our attention was drawn from watching this, by the falling of some drops of rain, and by a perceptible increase of the darkness, which seemed suddenly to add a new shade of blackness to the night. In a few minutes, low, grumbling thunder was heard, and some random flashes of lightning came from the south-west. Every sail was taken in but the top-sails; still, no squall appeared to be coming. A few puffs lifted the top-sails, but they fell again to the mast, and all was as still as ever. A moment more, and a terrific flash and peal broke simultaneously upon us, and a cloud

appeared to open directly over our heads and let down the water in one body, like a falling ocean. We stood motionless, and almost stupified; yet nothing had been struck. Peal after peal rattled over our heads, with a sound which seemed actually to stop the breath in the body, and the "speedy gleams" kept the whole ocean in a glare of light. The violent fall of rain lasted but a few minutes, and was succeeded by occasional drops and showers; but the lightning continued incessant for several hours, breaking the midnight darkness with irregular and blinding flashes. During all which time there was not a breath stirring, and we lay motionless, like a mark to be shot at, probably the only object on the surface of the ocean for miles and miles. We stood hour after hour, until our watch was out, and we were relieved at four o'clock. During all this time, hardly a word was spoken; no bells were struck, and the wheel was silently relieved. The rain fell at intervals in heavy showers, and we stood drenched through and blinded by the flashes, which broke the Egyptian darkness with a brightness which seemed almost malignant; while the thunder rolled in peals, the concussion of which appeared to shake the very ocean. A ship is not often injured by lightning, for the electricity is separated by the great number of points she presents, and the quantity of iron which she has scattered in various parts. The electric fluid ran over our anchors, top-sail sheets and ties; yet no harm was done to us. We went below at four o'clock, leaving things in the same state.

It is not easy to sleep, when the very next flash may tear the ship in two, or set her on fire ; or where the deathlike calm may be broken by the blast of a hurricane, taking the masts out of the ship. But a man is no sailor if he cannot sleep when he turns in, and turn out when he's called. And when, at seven bells, the customary "All the larboard watch, ahoy!" brought us on deck, it was a fine, clear, sunny morning, the ship going leisurely along, with a good breeze and all sail set.

THE ANNOYER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

“Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever.”

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, every where,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlit sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many men
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream ;
And he'll float to his eye in morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,

And sighs in his ear, like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholar's book,
And intrudes in the maiden's prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

RAVENNA.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

LIKE most secondary Italian cities, Ravenna wears the semblance of desertion. At noonday, the stranger may often walk through streets deficient neither in spaciousness or noble dwellings, and yet encounter no being, nor hear a sound indicative of life, far less of active prosperity. This was the case, to a remarkable degree, on the day of my visit, as it occurred during the month of October, when, according to the Italian custom, most of the nobility were at their villas; and the sanitary restrictions, established on account of the cholera then raging in some parts of the country, had greatly diminished the usual number of passing travellers. In the piazza, at some hours of the day, there is a little life-like appearance, from the assemblage of buyers and sellers, and, at early evening, the principal café exhibits the usual motley company collected to smoke, talk scandal, or to pore over the few journals which the jealousy of the government permits to find their way into the country. These restricted vehicles of communication consist of little else than an epitome, from the French journals, of the most important polit-

ical and other passing events, collected and arranged with as little reference to order and connection, as can well be imagined. It is owing to the garbled and confused notions derived from these paltry gazettes, to which many even of the better class of Italians confine their reading, that there prevails in this country such profound ignorance of the most familiar places and facts. Some of the ideas existing in regard to the United States, afford good illustration of this remark. A retired merchant who was travelling in very genteel style, once asked me if Joseph Bonaparte was still king of America. A monk of Genoa, who was my companion in a voiture in Lombardy, opened his eyes with astonishment when informed that it was more than half a century since we had ceased to be an English colony; and another friar, whose ideas of geography were in rather a confused state, observed that he considered mine a very aristocratic country, judging from what he had read of our president, Santa Anna. A young Tuscan, of respectable standing, inquired if one could go from Italy to America, without passing through Madagascar; and a *signora* of some pretensions, begged, in a very pathetic voice, to know if we were much annoyed with tigers!

Life, for the most part, in these reduced towns, accords with the limited scope of the prevailing ideas. The morning is lounged away in listlessness; the ride after dinner, and the *conversazione* in the evening, being the only ostensible occupation, except during the carnival, when some theatrical or other

public entertainment is generally provided. Those of the resident nobility, who can afford it, usually travel half the year, and economize the remainder. And if, among the better class, there are those whose range of knowledge is more extensive, or whose views are nobler, the greater part soon reconcile themselves to a series of trifling pursuits, or idle dissipation, as the appropriate offsets to their hopeless destiny. Sometimes, indeed, a rare spirit is encountered, superior to the mass, and incapable of compromising either principle or opinions, however objectless it may seem to cherish them; and there are few more interesting characters than are such men, in the view of the thoughtful philanthropist; beings superior to their associates, and worthy of a better fate; men who, amid degrading political and social circumstances, have the strength and elevation of mind to think and feel nobly, and seek by communion with the immortal spirits of the past, or by ennobling anticipations, consolation for the weariness and gloom of the present. Occasionally, too, in such decayed cities, the stranger meets with those who, cut off from political advantages, and possessed of wealth, have devoted themselves to the pursuits of taste, and their palaces and gardens amply repay a visit. Such is the case with the eccentric Ruspini, one of the Ravenese nobility, whose gallery contains many valuable and interesting productions of art.

At an angle of one of the by-streets of Ravenna, is a small building by no means striking, either as regards

its architecture or decorations. It is fronted by a gate of open iron work, surmounted by a cardinal's hat—indicating that the structure was raised or renovated by some church dignitary, a class who appear invariably scrupulous to memorialize, by inscriptions and emblems, whatever public work they see fit to promote. A stranger might pass this little edifice unheeded, standing as it does at a lonely corner, and wearing an aspect of neglect ; but as the eye glances through the railing of the portal, it instinctively rests upon a small and time-stained bass-relief, fixed in the opposite wall, representing that sad, stern, and emaciated countenance, which, in the form of busts, engravings, frescos, and portraits, haunts the traveller in every part of Italy. It is a face so strongly marked with the sorrow of a noble and ideal mind, that there is no need of the laurel wreath upon the head, to assure us that we look upon the lineaments of a poet. And who could fail to stay his feet, and still the current of his wandering thoughts to a deeper flow, when he reads upon the entablature of the little temple, "*Sepulchrum Dantis Poetæ?*" It is not necessary that one should have solved the mysteries of the *Divina Commedia*, in order to feel the solemn interest which attaches to the spot where the bones of its author repose. It is enough to know that we are standing by the tomb of a man who, in early boyhood, loved ; and cherished the deep affection then born, after its object was removed from the world, through a life of the greatest vicissitude, danger, and grief,

making it a fountain of poetic inspiration, and a golden link which bound him to the world of spirits; a quenchless sentiment, whose intensity vivified and hallowed existence. It is sufficient to remember, that we are near the ashes of a man who proved himself a patriot, and when made the victim of political faction, and banished from his home, wrapped himself in the mantle of silent endurance, and suffered with a dignified heroism, that challenges universal sympathy and respect. It is sufficient to reflect, that they who had persecuted the gifted Florentine when living, have long vainly petitioned those among whom he died, for the privilege of transporting his revered remains to the rich monument prepared for them; and that a permanent professorship to elucidate his immortal poem is founded by the very city from which he was ignobly spurned. It is enough that we see before us the sepulchre of a man who had the intellect and courage to think beyond and above his age; who revived into pristine beauty a splendid but desecrated language; who fully vindicated his title to the character of a statesman, a soldier, and a poet; and in a warlike and violent age, had the magnanimity to conceive, and the genius to create, an imperishable monument of intellectual revenge.

DEPARTED DAYS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

YES, dear departed cherished days,
 Could memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
 From Time's gray urn once more,—
Then might this restless heart be still,
 This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
 We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore,
 Where life's young fountains gleam—
Each moment fainter wave the fields,—
 And wilder rolls the sea ;
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—
 Day breaks—and where are we ?

RAIN.

A COLLOQUIAL LECTURE.

BY WM. H. SIMMONS.

“SAINTS,” saith Mistress Barbauld—who was more a saint herself, James, than most old rhymers—she made nice hymns—nay, boy, curl not thy pretty lip—a good hymn-book, unfingered by modern revision, is very good reading, as you may come to know, when you are wiser—(perhaps you have yet to learn that a hard biscuit and olives make a royal supper—another crumb of philosophy in store for you)—

“Saints have been calm when stretched upon the rack,
And Montezuma smiled on burning coals ;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day !”

Because, forsooth, it forbids her to hang out the subjects of her lotion. It gives her the means of washing them, but forasmuch as it does not dry them, too, she thinketh no shame to rail in its honest face. Marry—she must learn that the world was not made for clothes-lines, nor can the wind, “that whirlleth about continually,” be a respecter of wet linen !

Housewives notable are we all, in this regard. We scruple not to “fret our spleen” against a rainy day,

or a moderate series of them, as against a common nuisance—a vexatious defeasance of all the purposes of life. As if the air were not to be disburdened, earth not to imbibe her seasonable beverage, nor the circulations of Nature to go on—lest our napkins dry not—or some other fatal let, or pregnant mischief befall !

Truly, James, we need a frequency of rainy days to dash our petulant presumption ! to assure us that “the great globe” was not made for our poor service—that we are a transient company of “squatters,” indulgently suffered to pick a living off it. And when “this goodly frame, the Earth, and the brave, overhanging Firmament,” would hold their natural commerce, of generous effusion and loving receipt, it is well that we have to retire from between them, and withdraw our interloping insignificance—peeping forth from under cover, and feeling that we are in the way in the world. ’T is a wholesome lesson of humility.

Indeed, James, such moist abatement of the busy vanities and turmoil of life is truly edifying. So plainly does it let us know that our shows and exchanges and combinations, our perpetual pervasion of streets, and going up and down in the earth, are of no essential import—inconsequential fooleries—very lightly esteemed above. So that he who is sorely vexed with rainy interruptions, may conclude that he lives wrong—is too bitter in his worldly activity—makes “much ado about nothing”—and the sweet heavens will not countenance him in it ; they check and detain him ; and the continuous rain preacheth

him a sermon. Why will he not profit by it—and sweeten his humors—and be quieted?

Right monitory also, to you youngers, “if pondered fittingly,” and to all the minions of fortune and pleasure, is the hueless sobriety of a rainy day. It washes off, as it were, the paint and gilding from the face of Life, beats down her gay feather, and puts her wanton fancies quite out of countenance. It de-thrones and blinds the “garish day,” and dresses him in sackcloth. It holds in abeyance all “the new-born gauds of the time;” or if they venture forth, they show right sorrily—tempt not to envy or imitation. You are not solicited by “the vile screaming of the wrynecked fife,” to look out upon “Christian fools with varnished faces,” nor doth “the sound of shallow foppery enter your sober house.” The streets, that seemed to concentrate within them a world of frivolity and pride and fantastic gayety, are no longer paced by wanton feet. You look forth and see nothing going forward but the homeliest offices of society—the supply of the necessities of life, by humble agents; and thus you see what life and society, in their coarse under-texture, really are.

In cities, we are apt to intercourse too much, and reflect and study too little—no better acquainted with ourselves, often, than with any body else. Now rain tends to keep people apart, except so far as Providence has put them together, in families. This is well. Were Lucullus oftener reduced to sup with Lucullus, he might recover his dissipated thoughts and his individuality, worn away by promiscuous

intercourse ; and the undesigning approaches and familiar communion of his family could not but win and intenerate his heart.

Yes, James, a rainy day nurses more amiability than half a dozen dry ones. *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* It makes the folly of ill-humor so manifest. When a testy gentleman salutes a wet morning, and finds himself condemned to the inside of the house for the day, at first, perhaps, he frets and scolds sadly. He chokes himself with fish-bones, and, to comfort the wounds, swallows scalding coffee ; his questions are sharp—his answers brief or none ; he walks the house with rueful aspect and impatient steps ; he plants himself at the window and looks straight out. But the sky relents no more than a cope of lead, and its watery issues rather thicken than fail. A very dull spectacle ! *Monsieur* soon tires of it ; he gradually becomes less peripatetic—then more quiet—then serene—then placid ; he keeps his seat for some minutes ; now and then he relapses—but the fits are less and less outrageous ; he reads the newspaper, and laughs at something in it ; he calls his wife by her first name. She talks and smiles, and ventures timidly nearer. He is disappointed of his ennui. The clock surprises him—it must be too fast ; indeed, he is confident he shall outlive the day ; and at length takes up a pen or book—entirely master of himself, in love with his wife, and tolerably complaisant even with Providence.

Now ten to one, James, that he applies himself more effectually than if the sun shone. Give me a

rainy day, for close and continuous thought. It invests you with quietness; you are hermetically sealed. It dulls the pert prattle of the piano. It quenches the "fierce loves and faithless wars" of all small beasts; so that no canine bark nor feline ululation rises "on the wings of silence," to startle your seclusion. It blanks your windows. In the intervals of application, you look through them, but eye nor thought finds any thing to detain it. Your subject seems diffused through the overcharged air, and you gaze and gaze, with intent abstraction, till your flow of thought becomes as permanently sober and steady as the day itself. A day, that solicits not nor tickles the sense—plays no fantastic tricks—but stands over you with the vast, gray, motionless, thought-moulded aspect of an Egyptian Sphynx. What a preceptress—what a muse—what a foster-mother of studious thought, to political economists, and lexicographers, and deep divines! They should mark it white, in their calendars. Our rains, of week on week, must be their triumphant seasons—their *magni menses*—their high tides. Then labors the mind with weighty incumbency—with a long, patient, ox-like draught. Then are all logarithmic tables calculated and corrected—then is the circle squared—then are the first principles of trade and exchange proved—then are clouds of metaphysics generated; then is logic chopped; then is black letter read, and the "Revolt of Islam" attempted—then do they that write Histories of the World, and they that read them, make large advances "into the bowels of the land."

Then, too, methinks, better than when every thing is dry, bright, and rampant, beneath the sun's "flaring beams," may the deep-revolving poet "build the lofty rhyme." Was it of a gadding, sunshiny day, think you, when the world and his wife were abroad, and all creatures prated, that Dan Homer

———"Heard the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea?"

No, James ; be assured, 't is to rainy days we owe the conception of most good and great thinkings, sayings and doings. A man is commonly alone, when he is great—alone, when he studies hard—alone, when he discovers, invents—alone, when his spirit plumes herself, and soars on the wings of vast aspiration—alone, when he communes with God. Therefore, James, accept the early and the latter rain, as kind signals to retire and be alone. We have men of action enow, James—exhibitors enow—forwarders of movements—stirrers up—talkers—men who lead lives of speaking and being spoken to—men, whose pocket-minds are furnished with nothing but a mere circulating medium—enough and more than enough of them all ! We want meditators—devotees—still-thinkers—rainy-day men. So did the Persians and Assyrians, of old. Their history is a long track of darkness. But, from Hebrew and Greek historians, we learn that they were powers of great duration, made immense conquests, and reared hundreds of magnificent cities. They abounded, therefore, in the active, ambitious and bold. Yet have the mighty empires of Babylon

and Persia left behind them absolutely nothing for the benefit of mankind—not a precept or a truth—not a monument of grandeur—and no other trace of their capital than three heaps of bricks and clay on the banks of the Euphrates.

Gracious Rain ! how long wilt thou vouchsafe thyself to us, thankless groundlings ? Wilt thou never tire, serviceable priestess, of thy great lustrations ? From a thousand mountain-torrents, and emerald meads, and imperial rivers—from those pleasant homes of thine, the great lakes of the wilderness—from thy palace of Ocean—painfully art thou ever ascending—suffering the intolerable sun-stroke, and expanding to bodiless vapor that thou mayst climb the air, and re-gather thy weary atoms—not to sail off, in thy gorgeous cloud-squadron, to a better world, or to live in soft dalliance forever with the blue heaven and the silver star—but to hang anxiously over our unworthy heads, and descend seasonably upon city or field, without a murmur from thy hard-earned elevation. Ay ! and during that aerial watch of thine, heavenly benefactress ! while thou art waiting to be gracious—tempering the meridian and unutterably decorating sunset and the dawn—art thou not exposed to the rude and wanton winds, who rend thy skirts, and hurry thee shivering about the inhospitable skies ? And dost thou not entertain, perforce, the lightning—fearful guest !—deafened with his monstrous music, the thunder-peal, and scorched and riven with his fierce love ? Yet wherefore that toilsome ascent—that dread sojourn—but to descend at last, purified

by the sublime ordeal, in beneficent cadence, upon an oft ungrateful world? Oh! our offence is rank? One heart, at least, hereafter shall humbly and thankfully welcome thee, whenever thou fallest, "sweet rain from heaven, upon the place beneath." Whether in the genial infusion of thy fitful April favors, or in the copious and renovating magnificence of the summer shower, or under thy heavy equinoctial dominion, or in the loud, black storm—wintry or autumnal; welcome—ever welcome—in all thy seasons and in all thy moods!

For in none, fair minister, art thou not benignant; in the least amiable of them, most singularly dost thou deserve our love. Well would it please thee, doubtless, to usher in perpetual May-mornings with a soft suffusion—to fall never but when fanned by zephyrs and the sweet south-west—or from the breathless skies of June, when a verdant world pants for thy bountiful down-coming! And do we upbraid thee, in our heartless stupidity, because, rather than withhold thy life-giving dispensations, thou allyest thy gentle nature with thy opposites, and comest in unwelcome company—in chilly league with Eurus, or riding on the stormy wings of night-confounding Aquilo—subduing him to thy soft purpose, and charming away his rage—daring all things, so thou mayst reach and nourish the bosom of thine ancient Mother? Pious child—dear invader—forgive us!

THE ISLAND.

By R. H. DANA.

THE island lies nine leagues away ;
Along its solitary shore
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently ;
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale ;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet,
Curses were on the gale ;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear ;
Each motion gentle ; all is kindly done.

CHURCH-YARD SKETCHES.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

I REMEMBER a spot among the Cumberland hills that might have inspired a poet. It was the little church and church-yard of Borrowdale;—the smallest building of its class in England, it is stated. Mr. Wordsworth, who lives in the neighborhood, said it was “no bigger than a cottage,” and thus, indeed, it seemed, when, at the end of a long ramble, I found it so nestled away in the niche of a hill-side, so buried and wrapped in shade and solitude, that it was difficult to realize how even the narrow space within its walls should ever be filled by human worshippers. Another such picture the pedestrian may have to think of, who, sauntering along the hedge-lined byways of the lovely Isle of Wight, suddenly stays his steps, unconsciously, to gaze over into the sweet, small garden of graves clustering all round the humble but exquisite Church of St. Lawrence; some of them, on the upper side of the mountain slope, nearly as high as the moss-grown roof of the building, over which one sees, from the road-side, a glimpse of the lonely sea, spread out at the base of the mountain. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the proportions of this an-

cient edifice, miniatural as it is. The slope of the hill it is set on, is so steep that the road just mentioned, is cut into it like a groove. On the upper side, a cliff towers up over one's head, almost perpendicularly, some hundred feet, yet every where, from the moisture of the climate, and the richness of the soil that still clings to the rocks, mantled with a soft, silky robe of the sweetest verdure the eye ever saw, brightly spotted with clusters of flowers, and small shrubs flourishing out from the crevices, and sometimes laden with vines. Below the church, the scene grows wilder. The hill-side shows, far up from the water-mark, traces of the fierce power of the element which sleeps now so quietly at its feet. Huge sea-stained points of crags peer out grimly on every side; the vegetation is withered, and disappears, as we wind farther down by the dizzy foot-path the egg-hunters have trodden; and now breaks out upon us, in its full volume, that terrible thunder of the surge of even these slumbering waves. But it is a thunder that comes only in mellowed music to him who saunters, as I did, in the noiseless avenues of the little sanctuary in the niche of the hill-side above. Many a time I stayed my steps to listen to this murmur, as borne on the gusts of the "sweet sea air, sweet and strange," it swelled and fell at intervals, like spirit-voices whispering to those who lay beneath. No! not to them. Theirs is the "dull, cold ear" that will not hear. To me, to all who visit this blessed temple, this sacred ground, to us, to us they speak.

They tell us of the history below us, and of the destiny before. They mind us well of the life we are living ; ah ! better still of that we have *not* lived, where there is no more "*moaning of the sea.*"

It was in this grave-yard I noticed a humble heap piled over the remains of one whose annals, as the modest marble at its head recorded them, touched my heart. It was a young, beautiful girl. She came to this neighborhood, I think, from Wales, probably for the restoration of health. But alas ! nor herb, nor sea air, nor care of relative or friend, could save her ; no, not the yearning tenderness or breaking heart of him who loved her best, and who weeps now over the untimely tale I read. To him she had been long betrothed, and trusting still that dear deceiving hope which never leaves us, and which the poor perishing consumptive and her kindred cling to so fondly, till life's light goes quite out—in this hope the marriage day was appointed. Preparations, even, were made for it. On that day she died, and here she is buried, as in her last murmurs she asked that she might be—in her bridal dress ! Peace be to her ashes—she "sleeps well" in the grave-yard of St. Lawrence !

Not very far, but very different from this, is the yard of the gray old church of Chale, which stands in the immediate neighborhood of a tremendous precipice, on the brink of the sea, called Blackgang Chine. Deep under this awful barrier a small, snug

cove runs in, making what the islanders entitle Chale Bay ; in itself a wild and yet pleasing and generally tranquil spot, bordered by a curved beach of shining sand, and enlivened by tiny streamlets of water, trickling from the verge of the huge rocks above. A man who hated his own race, but yet loved nature, would choose a nook at the base of the Chine for his dwelling. No stranger, at least, would disturb him ; for if he did not pass by the edge of the cliff, in the wayside, as he probably would, without knowing it, he would shudder and start back from the sight :—there is something threatening, appalling, in the lonely sublimity, and even in the intense, strange solitude of the place. But ah ! if he knew, as I do, its history ! Four times, if not more, since my brief acquaintance with this charming Island began, have gallant ships gone down, in storm and surge, in this fatal cove.

I learned the history of one of these hapless companies from the marbles of the church-yard of Chale. There they were buried, with the sad solemnities suited to such an occasion, and with all the tenderness needed to soothe *their* hearts who were watching now so eagerly for the return of a long-expected ship. What a picture of human life, what a passage of human history it is ! “ Sermons,” indeed, “ in stones ! ” Six of the passengers were of one affectionate family ; a gallant naval officer, coming home from a long service, with his wife, a babe, and three elder and beautiful daughters. The brother of this lady had been expecting them daily. He was one of the first on the

Island to be informed of their coming—and of *how they had come* ;—and to behold a spectacle which I will not describe. Let us hasten from the church-yard of Chale. The name is a knell in my memory.

A glance at the burial-place of the United Brethren near Ballymena in Ireland, may be a relief to the reader. It is another of the spots one would choose for his bones to lie in ;—for, say what we will, there is a *choice*, and the thought of it is no indifferent matter to us while alive, however little the fact itself may concern us or others in future time. The Moravians believe so, at least. They appreciate, justly too, the moral influence, the religious science, of a grave-yard. They do not deem it either decent to leave it neglected, or necessary to make it frightful. The little village, which I visited one Sabbath morning, is embosomed in trees, and surrounded with the famed emerald verdure of the country on every side ;—divided into a small, harmonious arrangement of shaded streets, that, but for the neat rows of cottages, and regular beds of flowers on either hand, look more like natural lanes ;—“remote from cities,” in a word ;—serene, peaceful, beautiful as a “thought of Paradise.” I attended service in the little church, and afterwards walked through the grave-yard which lies on the table-land of a gentle green swell behind it, skirted with flourishing and flowery hedges, and spotted over, in hollow and heap, with checks of a mellow September sunshine, sifted through branches of leaning trees.

TO FANNI IN A BALL DRESS.

BY JOHN EVERETT.

THOU hast braided thy dark flowing hair,
And wreathed it with rose-buds and pearls ;
But dearer, neglected thy sweet tresses are,
Soft falling in natural curls.

Thou delightest the cold world's gaze,
When crowned with the flower and the gem,
But thy lover's smile should be dearer praise,
Than the incense thou prizest from them.

The bloom on thy young cheek is bright,
With triumph enjoyed too well,
Yet less dear than when soft as the moonbeam's light,
Or the tinge in a hyacinth bell.

And gay is the playful tone,
As to flattery's voice thou respondest ;
But what is the praise of the cold and unknown
To the tender blame of the fondest ?

OFFICES OF EDUCATION.

BY HORACE MANN.

EDUCATION is to inspire the love of truth, as the supremest good, and to clarify the vision of the intellect to discern it. We want a generation of men above deciding great and eternal principles, upon narrow and selfish grounds. Our advanced state of civilization has evolved many complicated questions respecting social duties. We want a generation of men capable of taking up these complex questions, and of turning all sides of them towards the sun, and of examining them by the white light of reason, and not under the false colors which sophistry may throw upon them. We want no men who will change, like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of the popular wind ; but we want men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind. We want no more of those patriots who exhaust their patriotism, in lauding the past ; but we want patriots who will do for the future what the past has done for us. We want men capable of deciding, not merely what is right, in principle—*that* is often the smallest part of the case ; but we want men capable of deciding what

is right in means, to accomplish what is right in principle. We want men who will speak to this great people in counsel, and not in flattery. We want god-like men who can tame the madness of the times, and, speaking divine words in a divine spirit, can say to the raging of human passions, "Peace, be still;" and usher in the calm of enlightened reason and conscience. Look at our community, divided into so many parties and factions, and these again subdivided, on all questions of social, national, and international duty;—while, over all stands, almost unheeded, the sublime form of Truth, eternally and indissolubly *One!* Nay, further, those do not agree in thought who agree in words. Their unanimity is a delusion. It arises from the imperfection of language. Could men, who subscribe to the same forms of words, but look into each other's minds, and see, there, what features their own idolized doctrines wear, friends would often start back from the friends they have loved, with as much abhorrence as from the enemies they have persecuted. Now, what can save us from endless contention, but the love of truth? What can save us, and our children after us, from eternal, implacable, universal war, but the greatest of all human powers—the power of impartial thought? Many—may I not say most—of those great questions, which make the present age boil and seethe, like a cauldron, will never be settled, until we have a generation of men who were educated, from childhood, to seek for truth and to revere justice. In the middle of the last

century, a great dispute arose among astronomers, respecting one of the planets. Some, in their folly, commenced a war of words, and wrote hot books against each other ; others, in their wisdom, improved their telescopes, and soon settled the question forever. Education should imitate the latter. If there are momentous questions which, with present lights, we cannot demonstrate and determine, let us rear up stronger, and purer, and more impartial minds, for the solemn arbitrament. Let it be forever and ever inculcated, that no bodily wounds or maim, no deformity of person, nor disease of brain, or lungs, or heart, can be so disabling or so painful, as error ; and that he who heals us of our prejudices, is a thousand fold more our benefactor, than he who heals us of mortal maladies. Teach children, if you will, to beware of the bite of a mad dog ; but teach them still more faithfully, that no horror of water is so fatal as a horror of truth, because it does not come from our leader or our party. Then shall we have more men who will think, as it were, under oath ;—not thousandth and ten thousandth transmitters of falsity ;—not copyists of copyists, and blind followers of blind followers ; but men who can track the Deity in his ways of wisdom. A love of truth—a *love of truth* ; this is the pool of a moral Bethesda, whose waters have miraculous healing. And though we lament that we cannot bequeath to posterity this precious boon, in its perfectness, as the greatest of all patrimonies, yet let us rejoice that we can inspire a

love of it, a reverence for it, a devotion to it ; and thus circumscribe and weaken whatever is wrong, and enlarge and strengthen whatever is right, in that mixed inheritance of good and evil, which, in the order of Providence, one generation transmits to another.

If we contemplate the subject with the eye of a statesman, what resources are there, in the whole domain of Nature, at all comparable to that vast influx of power which comes into the world with every incoming generation of children ? Each embryo life is more wonderful than the globe it is sent to inhabit, and more glorious than the sun upon which it first opens its eyes. Each one of these millions, with a fitting education, is capable of adding something to the sum of human happiness, and of subtracting something from the sum of human misery ; and many great souls amongst them there are, who may become instruments for turning the course of nations, as the rivers of water are turned. It is the duty of moral and religious education, to employ and administer all these capacities of good, for lofty purposes of human beneficence—as a wise minister employs the resources of a great empire. “ Suffer little children to come unto me,” said the Saviour, “ and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” And who shall dare say, that philanthropy and religion cannot make a better world than the present, from beings like those in the kingdom of heaven !

Education must be universal. It is well, when the wise and the learned discover new truths ; but how

much better to diffuse the truths already discovered, amongst the multitude! Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power; and while a philosopher is discovering one new truth, millions may be propagated amongst the people. Diffusion, then, rather than discovery, is the duty of our government. With us, the qualification of voters is as important as the qualification of governors, and even comes first, in the natural order. Yet there is no Sabbath of rest, in our contests about the latter, while so little is done to qualify the former. The theory of our government is—not that all men, however unfit, shall be voters—but that every man, by the power of reason and the sense of duty, shall become fit to be a voter. Education must bring the practice as nearly as possible to the theory. As the children now are, so will the sovereigns soon be. How can we expect the fabric of the government to stand, if vicious materials are daily wrought into its frame-work? Education must prepare our citizens to become municipal officers, intelligent jurors, honest witnesses, legislators, or competent judges of legislation—in fine, to fill all the manifold relations of life. For this end it must be universal. The whole land must be watered with the streams of knowledge. It is not enough to have, here and there, a beautiful fountain playing in palace gardens; but let it come like the abundant fatness of the clouds upon the thirsting earth.

Finally, education, alone, can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infi-

nite in quantity. God has revealed to us—not by ambiguous signs, but by his mighty works ;—not in disputable language of human invention—but by the solid substance and reality of things, what he holds to be valuable, and what he regards as of little account. The latter he has created sparingly, as though it were nothing worth ; while the former he has poured forth with immeasurable munificence. I suppose all the diamonds ever found, could be hid under a bushel. The quantity is little, because the value is small. But iron ore—without which mankind would always have been barbarians, without which they would now relapse into barbarism—he has strowed profusely all over the earth. Compare the scantiness of pearl with the extent of forests and coal fields. Of one, little has been created, because it is worth little ; of the others, much, because they are worth much. His fountains of naphtha, how few, and myrrh and frankincense, how exiguous ; but who can fathom his reservoirs of water, or measure the light and the air ! This principle pervades every realm of Nature. Creation seems to have been projected upon the plan of increasing the quantity, in the ratio of the intrinsic value. Emphatically is this plan manifested, when we come to that part of creation, we call *ourselves*. Enough of the materials of worldly good have been created to answer this great principle—that, up to the point of competence, up to the point of independence and self-respect, few things are more valuable than property ; beyond that point, few things are of less.

And hence it is, that all acquisitions of property, beyond that point—considered and used as mere property—confer an inferior sort of pleasure, in inferior quantities. However rich a man may be, a certain number of thicknesses of woollens or of silks is all he can comfortably wear. Give him a dozen palaces, he can live in but one, at a time. Though the commander be worth the whole regiment, or ship's company, he can have the animal pleasure of eating only his own rations; and any other animal eats, with as much relish as he. Hence the wealthiest, with all their wealth, are driven back to a cultivated mind, to beneficent uses and appropriations; and it is then, and then only, that a glorious vista of happiness opens out into immensity and immortality.

Education, then, is to show to our youth, in early life, this broad line of demarcation between the value of those things which can be owned and enjoyed by but one, and those which can be owned and enjoyed by all. If I own a ship, a house, a farm, or a mass of the metals called precious, my right to them is, in its nature, sole and exclusive. No other man has a right to trade with my ship, to occupy my house, to gather my harvests, or to appropriate my treasures to his use. They are mine, and are incapable, both of a sole and of a joint possession. But not so of the treasures of knowledge, which it is the duty of education to diffuse. The same truth may enrich and ennoble all intelligences at once. Infinite diffusion subtracts nothing from depth. None are made

poor because others are made rich. In this part of the Divine economy, the privilege of primogeniture attaches to all ; and every son and daughter of Adam is heir to an infinite patrimony. If I own an exquisite picture or statue, it is mine, exclusively. Even though publicly exhibited, but few could be charmed by its beauties, at the same time. It is incapable of bestowing a pleasure, simultaneous and universal. But not so of the beauty of a moral sentiment ; not so of the glow of sublime emotions ; not so of the feelings of conscious purity and rectitude. These may shed rapture upon all, without deprivation of any ; be imparted, and still possessed ; transferred to millions, yet never surrendered ; carried out of the world, and still left in it. These may imparadise mankind, and, undiluted, unattenuated, be sent round the whole orb of being. Let education, then, teach children this great truth, written, as it is, on the fore front of the universe, that God has so constituted this world, into which he has sent them, that whatever is really and truly valuable may be possessed by all, and possessed in exhaustless abundance.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait,

SKETCHES OF CANTON.

BY HOWARD MALCOM.

IN all other parts of the East, Europeans bear themselves so haughtily before the natives, and so transcend them in wealth, luxury, and intellect, that the contrast at Canton is most striking. Here are generally about three hundred foreigners, permanently resident, and often more, kept so completely under, that they may neither bring their wives, nor take native ladies, nor build, buy, ride, row, or walk, without restrictions; wholly forbidden to enter the gates of the city, and cooped up in a spot which would be considered in Calcutta or Madras barely large enough for one good dwelling and compound. The foreign factories, or hong's, are thirteen in number, under the names of different nations, but occupied somewhat promiscuously by the merchants and shopkeepers. They form a close front along the river, about three hundred yards in length, with an open space toward the water, which is here about a quarter of a mile wide. The buildings extend toward the rear about two hundred yards. Each hong is divided into several separate portions, entered by a narrow alley,

which passes through to the rear, and is thus made to consist of five or six tenements, generally three stories high. The heat, smoke, noise, and dreariness of the interior of this mass of buildings, with the total absence of female society, gives it, in no small degree, the aspect of a prison. The front rooms, however, are pleasant, and some of them have fine promenades on the roof. An open space in front, about one hundred yards long and fifty wide, serves both as a wharf and a promenade. But the first of these uses obstructs it for the other; to say nothing of barbers, cooks, pedlers, clothes-menders, coolies, and boatmen, who crowd it most of the day.

Fortunately for me, there existed, during my stay in Canton, no particular jealousy of foreigners. Accompanying the missionaries and other gentlemen in their daily walks for exercise, I was enabled to ramble not only over all the suburbs, but among the villages and fields adjacent. We were not specially ill treated; but I have nowhere else found quite so much scorn and rudeness. Nearly all the time, some of the youngsters would be calling out, as we passed, "Foreign devils!" "barbarians!" "red-bristled devils!" often adding obscene expressions, and sometimes throwing light missiles; all which the parents seemed to think very clever. Often, indeed, they would direct the attention of very small children to us, and teach them to rail. Our clerical profession seemed known to many; and these would shout, "Story-telling devils!" "lie-preaching devils!" In streets

much frequented by foreigners, these things rarely occurred ; but in others, we attracted general attention ; and if we stopped for a few moments, a crowd would immediately choke up the street.

The width of the streets is seldom more than four or five feet, and often less. The houses rarely exceed one story high ; and, except on business streets, all the better ones are invisible, being built, like those of Paris, within a walled enclosure. The streets are all flagged with large slabs of smooth stone, principally granite. The breadth excludes wheel carriages, of course, and the only vehicles are sedan chairs, which are constantly gliding along at a very rapid rate ; those for ladies being closed with blinds, or gauze, but not so as to prevent the occupant from looking through. As these chairs, or loaded coolies, come rushing along, a perpetual shouting is kept up, to clear the way ; and, unless you jump to the wall or into a shop, you are rudely jostled ; for, though they are polite and kind, their headway and heavy burden render it impossible to make sudden pauses. As to walking arm in arm, it is quite out of the question. I saw none of the unbroken ranges of piazza spoken of by geographers ; but in some places, mats are spread across the street, which exclude the sun. The end of each street has a strong gate, which is shut up at night ; chiefly for security against thieves.

The shops are often truly beautiful ; but the greater number are occupied as well by the workmen as the wares. Such minute subdivision of callings I have

seen nowhere else. Not only are trades subdivided into the most minute branches, but the shops are often limited to one or two species of goods. Some of those which I entered would vie with those of London, for style and amount of capital invested. In each, the idol has a handsome and conspicuous situation. As Chinese is read perpendicularly, the sign-boards are suspended downward, and are thus well adapted to narrow streets. They are generally beautifully executed, and often, after announcing the name and occupation, close with sage sentences ; such as, " Gossiping and long sitting injure business ; " " No credit given ; former customers have inspired caution."

A tolerable idea of Chinese geography may be gathered from a glance at their maps. Mr. Gutzlaff was kind enough to present me with one of the world, and to translate many of the names. It is two feet wide by three and a half high, and is almost covered with China ! In the left hand corner, at the top, is a sea three inches square, in which are delineated, as small islands, Europe, England, France, Holland, Portugal, and Africa. Holland is as large as all the rest, and Africa is not so big as the end of one's little finger ! The northern frontier is Russia, very large.

The left corner, at the bottom, is occupied by the " western ocean," as it is called, containing the Malay peninsula, pretty well defined. Along the bottom are Camboja, Cochin-China, &c., represented

as moderate-sized islands ; and on the right is Formosa, larger than all the rest put together. Various other countries are shown as small islands. I should have given an engraving of this curious map, but that a true reduction to the size of a page would have left out most of these countries altogether ! The surrounding ocean is represented in huge waves, with smooth passages, or highways, branching off to the different countries, or islands, as they represent them. They suppose that ships which keep along these highways, go safely ; but if they, through ignorance or stress of weather, diverge, they soon get among these awful billows, and are lost !

It is so unpopular to be familiar with foreigners, that an opportunity of visiting the private houses of respectable Chinese is rarely enjoyed, by transient sojourners in Canton. One of the principal hong merchants, being particularly indebted to Dr. Parker, for removing a polypus, and at the same time a man of uncommon independence, I was glad to embrace a proposal to visit him. Dr. P. having announced our desire, we received a very cordial invitation. The house stands in a crowded suburb ; nothing being visible from the street, but a wall of the ordinary height. Passing through a vestibule, attended by porters, we were ushered into a large and handsome hall, where the old gentleman soon joined us. His dress was negligent, but costly, and resembled that of

the mandareen figures in our tea-shops. He saluted us in English, and the conversation was so maintained. After a little, he invited us to see his establishment, and kindly accompanied us. I was soon bewildered in passing through halls, rooms, and passages ; crossing little court-yards and bridges ; now looking at scores of gold-fish in a tank, and now sitting in a rustic summer-house on the top of an artificial cliff ; now admiring whole beds of china asters in full bloom, and now engrossed with large aviaries or grotesque bee-hives. Here were miniature grottos, and there were jets of water. Here were stunted forest-trees and porcelain beasts, and there was a lake and a fancy skiff. Yet the whole was compressed into a space not larger than is occupied by some mansions in the middle of our large cities !

There was not that quaint absurdity about all this, that books and pictures had led me to suppose. True, it was exceedingly artificial, and thoroughly Chinese ; but there were taste and beauty in it all. Why should we break down all tastes to one standard ? He that can only be pleased in a given way, is illy fitted to travel ; and I am sure any one not predetermined to condemn, would admire and enjoy the grounds of Tinquá.

PALESTINE.

FROM "AIRS OF PALESTINE."

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

WHERE lies our path?—Though many a vista call,
We may admire, but cannot tread them all.
Where lies our path?—A poet, and inquire
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;
Between them, Tempe breathes in beds of flowers,
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.
Your theme is Music;—Yonder rolls the wave,
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,
Enchanted by his lyre:—Cithæron's shade
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,
Was still melodious, and expired in song.
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;
There be thy path—for there the muses dwell.

No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine ;
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm ;
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm ;
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews ;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse :
In Carmel's holy grots I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,
Shake their green shields, and purple odors shed,
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.
Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring ;
And here, as musing on my theme divine,—
I gather flowers to bloom along my line,
And hang my garlands in festoons around,
Inwreathed with clusters, and with tendrils bound ;
And fondly, warmly, humbly hope the Power,
That gave perfumes and beauty to the flower,
Drew living water from this rocky shrine,
Purpled the clustering honors of the vine,
And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,
To weave a garland, will not let it wither ;—
Wond'ring, I listen to the strain sublime,
That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,
Wafted in grand simplicity along,
The undying breath, the very soul of song.

CHARACTER OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

BY WILLIAM TUDOR.

MR. ADAMS was one of that class who saw very early, that, “after all, we must fight”—and having come to that conclusion, there was no citizen more prepared for the extremity, or who would have been more reluctant to enter into any kind of compromise. After he had received warning, at Lexington, in the night of the 18th of April, of the intended British expedition, as he proceeded to make his escape through the fields with some friends, soon after the dawn of day, he exclaimed, “this is a fine day!” “Very pleasant, indeed,” answered one of his companions, supposing he alluded to the beauty of the sky and atmosphere—“I mean,” he replied, “this day is a glorious day for America!” His situation at that moment was full of peril and uncertainty; but throughout the contest, no damage either to himself or his country, ever discouraged or depressed him.

The very faults of his character tended, in some degree, to render his services more useful, by converging his exertions to one point, and preventing their being weakened by indulgence or liberality towards different opinions. There was some tinge of bigotry and narrowness, both in his religion and poli-

tics. He was a strict Calvinist ; and probably no individual of his day had so much of the feelings of the ancient puritans, as he possessed. In politics, he was so jealous of delegated power, that he would not have given our Constitutions inherent force enough for their own preservation. He attached an exclusive value to the habits and principles in which he had been educated, and wished to adjust wide concerns too closely after a particular model. One of his colleagues, who knew him well, and estimated him highly, described him with good natured exaggeration in the following manner : “ Samuel Adams would have the state of Massachusetts govern the Union, the town of Boston govern Massachusetts, and that he should govern the town of Boston, and then the whole would not be intentionally ill-governed.”

It was a sad error of judgment that caused him to undervalue, for a period at least, the services of Washington during the revolutionary war, and to think that his popularity when President, might be dangerous. Still, these unfounded prejudices were honestly entertained, and sprang naturally from his disposition and doctrines. During the war, he was impatient for some more decisive action, than it was in the power of the commander-in-chief, for a long time, to bring about ; and when the new Constitution went into operation, its leaning towards aristocracy, which was the absurd imputation of its enemies, and which his anti-federal bias led him more readily to listen to, derived all its plausibility from the just, generous, and universal confidence, that was reposed in the chief magistrate.

These things influenced his conduct in old age, when he was Governor of Massachusetts, and while the extreme heat of political feelings would have made it impossible, for even a much less positive character to administer any public concerns without one of the parties of that day being dissatisfied. But all these circumstances are to be disregarded, in making an estimate of his services. He, in fact, was born for the revolutionary epoch, he was trained and nurtured in it, and all his principles and views were deeply imbued with the dislikes and partialities which were created during that long struggle. He belonged to the revolution ; all the power and peculiarity of his character were developed in that career, and his share in public life, under a subsequent state of things, must be considered as subordinate and unimportant.

He possessed an energy of will that never faltered, in the purpose of counteracting the arbitrary plans of the English cabinet, and which gradually engaged him to strive for the independence of the country. Every part of his character conduced to this determination. His private habits, which were simple, frugal, and unostentatious, led him to despise the luxury and parade affected by the crown officers ; his religious tenets, which made him loathe the very name of the English church, preserved in his mind the memory of ancient persecutions, as vividly as if they had happened yesterday, and as anxiously, as if they might be repeated to-morrow ; his detestation of royalty and privileged classes, which no man could have felt more deeply—all these circumstances stimulated him

to perseverance in a course, which he conscientiously believed it to be his duty to pursue, for the welfare of his country.

He combined, in a remarkable manner, all the animosities and all the firmness, that could qualify a man to be the assertor of the rights of the people. Had he lived in any country or any epoch, when abuses of power were to be resisted, he would have been one of the reformers. He would have suffered excommunication rather than have bowed to papal infallibility, or paid the tribute to St. Peter; he would have gone to the stake, rather than submit to the prelatic ordinances of Laud; he would have mounted the scaffold, sooner than pay a shilling of illegal ship-money; he would have fled to a desert, rather than endure the profligate tyranny of a Stuart; he was proscribed, and would sooner have been condemned as a traitor, than assent to an illegal tax, if it had been only a six-penny stamp or an insignificant duty on tea, and there appeared to be no species of corruption by which this inflexibility could have been destroyed.

The motives by which he was actuated, were not a sudden ebullition of temper, nor a transient impulse of resentment, but they were deliberate, methodical and unyielding. There was no pause, no hesitation, no despondency; every day, and every hour, was employed in some contribution towards the main design, if not in action, in writing; if not with the pen, in conversation; if not in talking, in meditation. The means he advised were persuasion, petition,

remonstrance, resolutions, and when all failed, defiance and extermination sooner than submission. His measures for redress were all legitimate; and where the extremity of the case, as in the destruction of the tea, absolutely required an irregularity, a vigor beyond the law, he was desirous that it might be redeemed by the discipline, good order, and scrupulous integrity, with which it should be effected.

With this unrelenting and austere spirit, there was nothing ferocious, or gloomy, or arrogant in his demeanor. His aspect was mild, dignified and gentlemanly. In his own state, or in the Congress of the Union, he was always the advocate of the strongest measures; and in the darkest hour he never wavered or desponded. He engaged in the cause with all the zeal of a reformer, the confidence of an enthusiast, and the cheerfulness of a voluntary martyr. It was not by brilliancy of talents, or profoundness of learning, that he rendered such essential service to the cause of the revolution, but by his resolute decision, his unceasing watchfulness, and his heroic perseverance. In addition to these qualities, his efforts were consecrated by his entire superiority to pecuniary considerations; he, like most of his colleagues, proved the nobleness of their cause, by the virtue of their conduct: and Samuel Adams, after being so many years in the public service, and having filled so many eminent stations, must have been buried at the public expense, if the afflicting death of an only son had not remedied this honorable poverty.

THE INDIANS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

ALAS ! for them—their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore ;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting grounds ;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
 Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
 Their children go—to die.

Oh doubly lost ! oblivion's shadows close
 Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet ;
There sage and bard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night ;
There time-crowned columns stand on high,
To tell of them who cannot die ;
 Even we, who then were nothing, kneel
In homage there, and join earth's general peal.
But the doomed Indian leaves behind no trace,
To save his own, or serve another race ;

With his frail breath his power has passed away,
His deed, his thoughts are buried with his clay;
 Nor lofty pile, nor glowing page
 Shall link him to a future age,
 Or give him with the past a rank :
His heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and wo,
 His very name must be a blank.

 Cold, with the beast he slew, he sleeps ;
 O'er him no filial spirit weeps ;
No crowds throng round, no anthem-notes ascend,
'To bless his coming and embalm his end ;
Even that he lived, is for his conqueror's tongue,
By foes alone his death-song must be sung ;
 No chronicles but theirs shall tell
 His mournful doom to future times ;
 May these upon his virtues dwell,
 And in his fate forget his crimes.

THE BARNSTABLE BOY.

BY J. G. PALFREY.

THE duck does not take to the water with a surer instinct than the Barnstable boy. He leaps from his leading-strings into the shrouds. It is but a bound from the mother's lap to the mast-head. He boxes the compass in his infant soliloquies. He can hand, reef, and steer, by the time he flies a kite. The ambition of his youth is, to "witch the world with noble *seamanship*;" and his manly "march is on the mountain wave, his home"—no, no!—I am too fast—his "home is *not* upon the deep," and, in his widest wanderings, he never forgets that it is not. His home stands on firm land, nestled among some light-houses, which, in the blackest midnight of a polar winter, his mind's eye sees, casting their serene radiance over the wide waters, to guide him back to the goal, as it was the starting-place, of life's varied voyage. While he keeps the long night-watches, under the Cross of the southern hemisphere, his spirit is travelling half around the globe to look in at the fireside, where, the household duties of the day gone through, the mother, or the sister, or the wife, or the

dear friend that is not wife, but shall be, is musing on her absent sailor. The gales of Cape Horn, or the monsoons of the Indian sea, are piping in his cordage ; but clearer, and through and above all their roar, his ear is drinking in the low, sweet voice, that is lulling here his infant's distant slumber. And, whether he eyes, with the conscious pride of art, the "thing of life" he is managing, as, all tight and trim, her upper rigging sent down, she leaps, free and sure-footed, poised by a scant edge of main-topsail, from peak to peak of the now rising, now subsiding, watery Alps, while his hoarse voice, amid the mad uproar of the elements, guides her fierce way as if by magic—or whether, on the quiet Sabbath, in the garish sunset, or beneath the broad enveloping moonlight, his beautiful vessel skims under the line, over the level floor of ocean, with all her snowy *toggery* (I should say her bravery) set, as gentle and noiseless as a flock of white doves—still, still, loved spot of his nativity,

"Where'er he roams, whatever realms to see,
His heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

The first sign, from which the neighbors gather that the lad has been prospering, is, that the old people's house puts on a new coat of shingles, and another cow, if there needs one, is seen cropping their pasture ; his second lucky adventure makes his younger brothers and sisters happy the next time they go abroad, not so much for the gayer figure it has enabled them to make, as because it betokens how kindly they

were thought of by one so far away ; and the third—the third is very apt to serve as an occasion for whispering in some not reluctant ear, that it is almost time he had a snug home of his own, where he could be made more comfortable after these tedious voyages.

I believe it was Cotton Mather, who, in speaking of the mother of one of his worthies, said, “She was just the parent one might have desired to be born of.” He did not mean to disparage other people’s mothers—he was too well-bred an historian for that ; nor do we mean to offer any slight to the places of other people’s origin, if we ask whether there is any other place, to which, in preference to this, a reasonable man might reasonably desire to trace his own. We arrogate no more than the cautious Ulysses did of old, when he said of his flat and rocky Ithaca,

“ Rugged she is, but fruitful nurse of sons
Magnanimous ; nor shall these eyes behold
Elsewhere an object dear and sweet as she.”

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

HEAR ye not, when the morning breaks
Over the far-off mountains,
And each bird of the woodland wakes,
While the sunlight gleams on the lakes
And the silvery fountains,
A voice in the silent sky,
In the grove's rich melody?—
The spirit of God is nigh!
With the earliest dawn, comes the still small voice!

Hear ye not, when the sun burns strong,
And the land and the sea are bright,
And the streamlets, that murmur along
Through valleys of bloom and song,
Rejoice in the noon-tide light,
A voice where the sea-winds play,
Where the rivulet glides away?—
The spirit of God doth say,
In the sun's broad blaze, hear the still small voice!

Hear ye not, when the sun goes down,
With his crimson banner outspread,
And receives his radiant crown,
While the shades of evening frown
Upon his glorious bed,
A voice where the calm clouds lie,
Where the twilight breeze goes by ?—
The spirit of God is nigh !

O'er the sunset sea, breathes the still small voice !

Hear ye not, when the moonbeams fall
On the slumbering ocean,
And the stars, at the night-spirit's call,
Come forth, and shine over all,
With a tremulous motion,
A voice on the solemn air ?—
'T is nature's evening prayer :
The spirit of God is there !

Through the starlight gloom, comes the still small voice !

MANNERS OF WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM SULLIVAN.

WASHINGTON was over six feet in stature, of strong, bony, muscular frame, without fulness of covering, well formed and straight. He was a man of most extraordinary physical strength. In his own house his action was calm, deliberate, and dignified, without pretension to gracefulness, or peculiar manner, but merely natural, and such as one would think it should be in such a man. When walking in the street, his movement had not the soldierly air which might be expected. His habitual motions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the interior, and in the surveying of wilderness lands, employments in which grace and elegance were not likely to be acquired. At the age of sixty-five, time had done nothing towards bending him out of his natural erectness. His deportment was invariably grave ; it was sobriety that stopped short of sadness. His presence inspired a veneration, and a feeling of awe, rarely experienced in the presence of any man. His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate ; not as though he was in search of fine words, but that he might utter those only adapted to his purpose. It

was the usage for all persons, in good society, to attend Mrs. Washington's levee every Friday evening. He was always present. The young ladies used to throng around him, and engage him in conversation. There were some of the well remembered *belles* of that day who imagined themselves to be favorites with him. As these were the only opportunities which they had of conversing with him, they were disposed to use them. One would think, that a gentleman and a gallant soldier, if he could ever laugh, or dress his countenance in smiles, would do so when surrounded by young and admiring beauties. But this was never so ; the countenance of Washington never softened ; nor changed its habitual gravity. One who had lived always in his family, said, that his manner in public life, and in the seclusion of most retired life, was always the same. Being asked whether Washington *could* laugh, this person said, that this was a rare occurrence, but that one instance was remembered when he laughed most heartily at her narration of an incident in which she was a party concerned ; and in which he applauded her agency. The late General Cobb, who was long a member of his family during the war, (and who enjoyed a laugh as much as any man could,) said, that he never saw Washington laugh, excepting when Colonel Scammel (if this was the person) came to dine at head-quarters. Scammel had a fund of ludicrous anecdotes, and a manner of telling them, which relaxed even the gravity of the commander-in-chief. * *

During his presidency, he devoted one hour every other Tuesday, from three to four, to receiving visits. He understood himself to be visited as the *President* of the United States, and not on his own account. He was not to be seen by any body and every body ; but required that every one who came should be introduced by his Secretary, or by some gentleman, whom he knew himself. He lived on the south side of Chestnut street, just below Sixth. The place of reception was the dining room in the rear, twenty-five or thirty feet in length, including the bow projecting into the garden. Mrs. Washington received her visitors in the two rooms on the second floor, from front to rear.

At three o'clock, or at any time within a quarter of an hour afterwards, the visiter was conducted to this dining room, from which all seats had been removed for the time. On entering, he saw the tall manly figure of Washington clad in black velvet ; his hair in full dress, powdered and gathered behind in a large silk bag ; yellow gloves on his hands ; holding a cocked hat with a cockade in it, and the edges adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee and shoe buckles ; and a long sword, with a finely wrought and polished steel hilt, which appeared at the left hip ; the coat worn over the blade, and appearing from under the folds behind. The scabbard was white polished leather.

He stood always in front of the fire-place, with his face towards the door of entrance. The visiter was conducted to him, and he required to have the name so distinctly pronounced, that he could hear it. He

had the very uncommon faculty of associating a man's name, and personal appearance, so durably in his memory, as to be able to call any one by name, who made him a second visit. He received his visiter with a dignified bow, while his hands were so disposed of as to indicate that the salutation was not to be accompanied with shaking hands. This ceremony never occurred in these visits, even with his most near friends, that no distinction might be made.

As visiters came in, they formed a circle around the room. At a quarter past three, the door was closed, and the circle was formed for that day. He then began on the right, and spoke to each visiter, calling him by name, and exchanging a few words with him. When he had completed his circuit, he resumed his first position, and the visiters approached him, in succession, bowed and retired. By four o'clock this ceremony was over.

On the evenings when Mrs. Washington received visiters, he did not consider *himself* as visited. He was then as a private gentleman, dressed usually in some colored coat and waistcoat, (the only one recollected was brown, with bright buttons,) and black, on his lower limbs. He had then neither hat nor sword; he moved about among the company, conversing with one and another. He had, once a fortnight, an official dinner, and select companies on other days. He sat (it is said) at the side, in a central position, Mrs. Washington opposite; the two ends were occupied by members of his family, or by personal friends.

THE BROTHERS.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WE ARE BUT TWO—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night :
We are but two—O let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same ;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid ;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and wo :—
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

WE ARE BUT TWO—be that the band
To hold us till we die ;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN MOTHERS.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

IT is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is now generally admitted, that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said—"Instruct the mothers of the French people." Because the mothers are the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins this process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth; and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has first received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvass—we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble—but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the department of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work not upon the canvass that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust—but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country, depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined—the passions are to be restrained—true and worthy motives are to be inspired—a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and pure morality inculcated, under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty, will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other

concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty : that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility ; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform ; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote ; that every free elector is a trustee as well for others as himself ; and that every man and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as on his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals such as these, that in a free Republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny. The French are remarkable for their fondness for sententious phrases, in which much meaning is condensed into a small space. I noticed lately, on the title page of one of the books of popular instruction in France, this motto—"Pour instruction on the heads of the people ; you owe them that baptism." And certainly, if there be any duty which may be described by a reference to that great institute of religion, a duty approaching it in importance, perhaps next to it in obligation, it is this.





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